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No Hero In Sight

By Frank R. Kent

About to embark on a political campaign unparalleled in its history, the country calls loudly for a leader. The eye of a keen political analyst scans the horizon. One small cloud of dust appears. Can it be Owen D. Young? Or maybe Baker?

In a few weeks now Congress will have adjourned and the national conventions placed their tickets and platforms before the people. The preliminary political sparring that has been going on for months will be over. The principals in the Presidential battle are about to put on their gloves and step in the ring. The main bout will soon be on.

It is safe to say that no one can remember a political campaign that parallels this, nor one the outcome of which seems less certain. Nearly everybody concedes that the country has never been in a more critical condition. In the national government huge surpluses have given place to a deficit such as no country has ever had. It has compelled the imposition of extraordinarily high Federal taxes, forced slashes in governmental payrolls, appropriations and expenditures. Unscientifically and inadequately done by panicky and pie-eyed political surgeons, the anguished squeals of the victims ring through the land. Faced with a crisis requiring a total disregard of partisanship and unity of action, the smallness and weakness of the representatives of the people at Washington, irrespective of parties, were never so glaringly apparent. In the vital matter of restoring the national solvency by increasing revenue and cutting costs, everything has been shown save courage, competency and capacity. Even if times were normal, it has not been the sort of session to cheer the hearts of the judicious. In days such as these it has made many a man wonder whether the system under which we have operated for a hundred and fifty years is not to bog down. For generations politics has expanded the government and piled up expenses to the back-breaking point. And now when we wallow in an unprecedented business slump and the necessity arises to go sharply in reverse to avoid foundering, the politicians in whose hands the power is lodged, function with a feebleness that dampens hope and diminishes confidence. The only thing to do is to believe that somehow we will "muddle through," that the slow, cumbersome machinery of democracy is at last pointed in the right direction, that blundering along in disheartened fashion, ultimately it will get on the right track. Which, of course, it will. The nation is not going to disintegrate, nor chaos come, though it must be admitted there have been moments during the present session when it was not exactly easy to hold to that conviction.

And now a Presidential campaign, in which all American politics climaxes and the people quadrennially choose their rulers, looms. What is the outlook? It seems that there never was a time in which the country more needed inspiring leader-

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ship. There isn't a leader in sight. Not anywhere. What the people obviously want is a hero. We are, in both parties and all factions, completely bereft of heroes. Not in a long time were the people so ready to listen to a ringing voice. There isn't a voice with a ring in it to be heard—not even a misleading one. There isn't really a party, or part of a party with a promise in it.

Look at them. On the Republican side, the Chicago convention will adopt a platform embodying the economic platitudes of Mr. Hoover and reciting the various things his administration has done to stabilize banks, to promote business recovery and to restore confidence. If by next month conditions have perceptibly improved and a steady light, no matter how dim, appears on the economic horizon, these will sound pretty convincing and be really politically effective. However, if there is no such ray of sunshine, they will fall frightfully flat. In the one contingency, the Republican campaign will get off to a flying start. Republican heads will be high, Republican hearts uplifted, the Democratic guns spiked, and the now vastly unpopular Mr. Hoover be transformed into the popular hero for whom the people yearn. In the other, and more likely, contingency, the engine of the Grand Old Party will be stalled at the barrier and all it can do is hope the light appears in time to save the situation before the campaign ends.

In the main, Mr. Hoover has done as well as any man could in his position. It is a fortunate thing for the country that the crisis through which it is now passing did not find a Coolidge or a Harding in the White House. It is perfectly true that, except for the billion-dollar bond-issue schemes and one or two others equally unsound and impossible, practically every move that has been made toward economic betterment since the 1929 crash was conceived, initiated and promulgated from the White House. Some of them have been good and some not so good. Some have worked and some have failed, but if in the entire period there has come any other suggestion, plan, principle, idea or proposal not obviously half baked, from any Democrat, Progressive, banker, business man, capitalist, labor leader, preacher, lawyer, or editor, I have not heard of it. The lack of heroes in the industrial and professional world has been as complete as in the political. What has been done has been done by Mr. Hoover, and a good deal has been done. Few fair-minded men will dispute that. However, no President can commend himself to a people who have suffered the cracks we have suffered, while we still suffer. The complete answer, so far as the people are concerned, to all the Hoover plans for lifting the depression is that the depression is still here—worse than ever. Argument that if it had not been for Hoover things would be worse just isn't an argument at all, so far as politics are concerned. The only thing that can reinstate Mr. Hoover and his party is a measurable return to prosperity.

Aside from the economic plank, it now seems fairly certain the Republicans will make a facing-both-ways referendum declaration on Prohibition, which will mean little or nothing until the Hoover attitude is made known in his speech of acceptance. There will be an interesting and bitter fight about it, but beyond that there can be nothing much in the platform. Beyond that there will not really be much to the convention. The Republican organization, founded upon the Federal patronage, is in complete control and there is no formidable opposition in sight. The so-called Progressive Republicans, who, had they possessed any cohesive qualities, could have mustered a sufficient convention strength to have given at least a good show, now seem pretty well to have passed out of the convention picture. Mr. Borah, always mysterious, refuses to confirm the report that he will not attend the convention. However, he is fairly certain to be there. He doesn't want to go, he says, but will "if the boys in Idaho want me." But Senator Norris of Nebraska will not be there, and the LaFollette element, through their unexpected primary defeat, has for the first time in twenty-four years lost control of the Wisconsin delegation. With Borah there the dry side will have a really effective leader, but without Wisconsin in violent eruption and open rebellion, there will be no impediment in the path of the administration steam roller, no discordant note to keep the gathering from being wholly drab, dull, and tiresome.

The candidacy of Dr. France of Maryland—Mr. Hoover's only opponent—is not expected to make a dent in the programme large enough to notice. The other gentlemen of the Republican party who have been suggested, or have suggested themselves, are simply ridiculous. There is no other word for them. At least Mr. Hoover isn't that. He is weighted

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down with unfulfilled prosperity promises, handicapped by cheap politicians, heavily burdened by the depression, for which, unreasoning though it is, a great many people hold him responsible. But he is all the poor old Republican party has—its one bet. Dislike him as they may, if he were to die or drop out, the politicians of his party would be the most demoralized set of sailors who ever manned a leaky party ship. From whatever angle it is viewed, the Republican outlook is nothing for the most optimistic to cheer about. For reasons pointed out in a previous article, it is not nearly so hopeless as it seemed two months ago, but the improvement is more relative than real. The trend is against it and the "breaks" up to date have been uniformly bad. There are exactly two things that may pull the party out of its present defensive position and restore its normal advantage. I have stated that one is a lifting of the depression—if ever so lightly—between now and the first week in October. After that first week it will be too late—because then the party will have become "set" and nothing can be done about it.

The other is the Democratic party. Notoriously inept and undisciplined, it is conceivable that the Democratic party may beat itself in the brightest moment it has had in sixteen years. It may, through sheer muddy-headed and mulish propensities, kick Mr. Hoover upstairs. Already it has noticeably improved his position, made him seem a little better to people who had no use for him and thought they were certain to vote against him. The trouble with the so-called Democratic leaders is that, since the first crash in the stock market, they have been proceeding on the theory that the depression presaged a Democratic victory. The deeper it got and the longer it stayed the surer they were that "any Democrat can beat Hoover." They have relied—and still rely—wholly upon the resentment of the people toward the party in power. They have concentrated their publicity almost exclusively upon Hoover, utilizing every means to deepen the distaste for him, and saddle the whole sad state of the world upon him.

This was extremely effective up to about the first of March. Financed by Mr. Raskob, directed by Mr. Shouse, and supplemented by the gifted Mr. Michelson, Democratic headquarters functioned as never before. It centred attention upon every Hoover weakness; provided a vehicle for heretofore inarticulate Senators to get before the public; filled the press and saturated the air with denunciation of Republican sins of omission and commission; in particular it aimed its publicity fire at the Hawley-Smoot tariff law as an unspeakable iniquity, which had devastated our foreign trade and which the Democratic party, once in power, would tear to tatters. Torrents of hostile propaganda drenched the administration, which for nearly two years practically made no reply. It was all grand stuff and effective. Unquestionably it enabled the Democrats to capitalize fully the business slump and was in a large degree responsible for their success in the Congressional elections in 1930. That tremendously thrilled Democrats everywhere. Political precedent has it that loss of control of the House by the party in power in the off-year election has been followed by loss of the Presidency. Supreme confidence inflated every Democratic chest. "Hoover is licked," "Hoover cannot be re-elected," "Any Democrat can beat Hoover." These were the words to the Democratic tune—and still are, though they are not now sung with quite the gusto and conviction of the days before the Congress met.

They still may be the correct words—many think so and the chances favor it—but there are moments when doubt assails the more thoughtful of the so-called leaders, and they sometimes wonder among themselves whether after all the mere dull and unreasoning resentment of the people is sufficient to sweep into full control of the government a minority party without either a record or a programme to commend it, and just as destitute of heroic figures as the other. Perhaps it is, but as you look back upon these five months of Congress, it seems that it would have been better for Democratic prospects if they had not gained control of the House at all. There were people at the time who insisted that the best politics would be to let the Republicans have the speakership. They would then be unable to escape full responsibility for the deeply unpopular legislation that must be enacted or to shift the blame for the mess into which things were sure to get. But it was not human for politicians to pass up the chance a majority gave for the House patronage, committee chairmanships, and the lure of speakership power. For a while it worked beautifully. The press rang with praise of the Garner

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leadership and the solidarity with which the Democratic membership was behind him. However, this was in the early panicky days around the first of the year, when they were passing one after the other of the Hoover reconstruction and stability recommendations, and getting applause for patriotism, non-partisanship and broad-minded politics. It did not last long.

Soon the House Democrats found themselves confronted with the necessity for initiative and action upon their own hook. Since that time the Democratic leadership has been just plain stupid. An exhibition was given that shocked the country and dimmed the party prospects by deepening the impression that the Democrats are a party which neither trusts nor follows its own leaders and is not equipped to govern the country. In the House the leaders simply dropped the reins—in the Senate to date they have done little better. Plainly the Democrats have not known what they were doing, where they were going, nor why—and they hardly know now. They have been without a programme, a policy, a principle—even a sense of direction. Ordinarily one would suppose that, as politicians, they would have been shrewd enough to let Mr. Hoover dig himself out of his own hole. Not at all. As one astute observer said, they rushed forward and grabbed the shovel out of the Hoover hands. They had to have their own tax bill. They would impose their own economies. Then, with an extraordinary lack of perception, they suspended party discipline so that every Democratic Congressman stood isolated and naked, exposed to all the blasts from the four quarters of the heavens. It was an amazing demonstration of incompetency, at the moment when both the country and the party most cried for competency. The net result has been that the Democrats drew upon themselves most of the odium for the inevitable sacrifices involved in dealing with a situation which meant retrenchment of hundreds of millions of dollars and the laying of a billion of new taxes. In addition, they have the odium of having alarmed the country by the demonstration of their own confusion.

The session is not yet at an end. As this is written, there is as yet no certainty that it will adjourn in June. It may merely take a month's recess for the two national conventions, and return to finish the business of "balancing the budget," which, by the way, will by no means be really balanced. Cuts will be made and taxes raised, and the effort will be beneficial, but the balance will be an approximation only and the real job will still be ahead. It will have been only half done at this session, and that half by a lot of precinct-minded politicians unable to keep their eyes and thoughts off the Presidential campaign, and with neither the guts nor the brains to stand up to their task and grapple it like men. It isn't that the Democrats in Congress have not had plenty of outside counsel. They have had—lots of it, and mostly sound. Furthermore, the leaders to whom it has been imparted agreed with it. But when it came to action they couldn't act. One outstanding man of national fame and concededly great intellectual qualifications, summed up the situation when he said—"I feel as though I were witnessing an old Greek tragedy. Everybody knows what ought to be done, but nobody can do it."

In the meantime, while Congress has been wallowing along in its garrulous and scatter-brained way, the contest for the Democratic Presidential nomination has passed from its initial shadow-boxing stage to the short-armed, in-fighting period, where the relative size, strength, stamina and staying power of the participants can be more clearly seen. The nomination fight has been a most unusual one. Up to April 26 Governor Roosevelt was so far in the lead that nine out of ten political observers were convinced of his selection and the rush of the band-wagon boys was all in his direction. Starting out with the advantage of being the twice-elected Governor of the greatest State, Smith-Raskob hostility practically threw the South and West into his lap. An intensive campaign for nearly two years, directed by the astute Mr. Farley, put him far in the lead of all other aspirants. He gathered in the Territories and State after State, South and West, plumped for him. There was—and is—a strong distaste for his candidacy by the business interests in the East and among the more powerful political leaders in a number of important States. These looked to Alfred E. Smith, the "titular leader of my party," to stop him. The breach between the two former friends was recognized by those who knew the facts, but there was no open evidence until Smith permitted his friends to enter him in the primaries in New Hampshire,

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California, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. In the first test—New Hampshire—Roosevelt won a smashing victory, and the movement against him for a time was in a state of suspended animation amounting almost to complete collapse. There was criticism of the weakness of the Smith leadership, the ineptitude of the anti-Roosevelt strategy, suspicion of the genuineness of the Smith opposition, whispers that he was really letting himself be used as a Roosevelt "stalking horse." The Roosevelt management was in a high state of exaltation. The fight, they said, was over. Roosevelt would be nominated on the first ballot. Some of the feebler among the anti-Roosevelt group threw up their hands and conceded his success—particularly after his friends on the sub-committee to make arrangements for the national convention met in Chicago and, sidetracking Mr. Shouse, designated Senator Barkley of Kentucky, a Roosevelt supporter, as temporary chairman and keynoter. As a sop to the other side and for the sake of harmony, Governor Roosevelt agreed to Mr. Shouse as permanent chairman, a concession which he may live to regret. So great was the Roosevelt confidence that interest among his supporters shifted to the Vice-Presidential nomination. Senators Dill of Washington, Wheeler of Montana, Costigan of Colorado, Barkley of Kentucky, and Governor George White of Ohio are among those cherishing hope and given consideration.

Undoubtedly the Roosevelt candidacy was a beautiful thing the first week in April. It was in full bloom. All others by contrast seemed shrivelled and unpromising. And then the Governor made his first mistake. Over the radio he delivered an address in which he spoke feelingly of the "forgotten man" and intimated that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation had placed its two billion dollars at the disposal of the great New York financial concerns, oblivious of the thousands of small, local banks in the country. It developed that the Board had done nothing of the sort. On the contrary, not a dollar had been loaned in New York, and the great bulk of the money had gone to banks in towns under 10,000 population. In two devastating editorials, the New York *Times,* a friendly newspaper, denounced this speech as inaccurate and unworthy, declaring that it should make "his friends blush and the judicious grave." But more than this—it gave Smith his opportunity. At the big Jefferson Day banquet in Washington, which Mr. Roosevelt did not attend, he asserted "I will take off my coat and vest and fight to the end any candidate who persists in a demagogic attempt to make the working people of this country destroy themselves by arraying class against class." He did not mention Roosevelt's name but he did not have to. Everybody knew whom he meant and the whispering campaign about which Mr. Smith had complained abruptly and completely ceased. That he is determined to prevent the Roosevelt nomination is now completely conceded. The net effect of the incident was to intensify the feeling against Roosevelt in the East, to make him seem less desirable for the Presidency to those who do not admire him, though, of course, it in no way weakened him among his adherents. It greatly increased interest and added to the importance of the Massachusetts-Pennsylvania primaries, both held on the same day, April 26.

Politicians pretty well agreed that if Roosevelt carried Pennsylvania and broke even in Massachusetts the fight really would be over. It would then be demonstrated that there was no more magic in the Smith name, that his leadership was a fiction, and the victorious Roosevelt march would be uninterrupted. And there is no doubt it would have been. But it did not turn out that way. Smith swept Massachusetts three to one and ran so well in Pennsylvania, where the Roosevelt campaign had the advantage of a year's start, that all aspects of a popular triumph disappeared. It is true that Pennsylvania has more votes in the convention than Massachusetts, but there is real significance in the fact that Pennsylvania is a State from which no Democratic Presidential candidate can hope for a single electoral vote, whereas Massachusetts has come to be regarded almost as a Democratic State. Smith carried it in 1928 and it is now represented by two Democratic United States Senators.

The chief argument against Mr. Roosevelt is that if nominated he cannot carry the indispensable States of the East, without whose electoral votes success is not possible. His defeat in Massachusetts adds weight to that contention; his victory in Pennsylvania does not detract from it. As things now stand, the Massachusetts-Pennsylvania result, to an impartial view, seems to insure an open con-

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vention for the Democrats, out of which no one can tell who will emerge with the prize. Governor Roosevelt is still far in the lead, but the impression that he will not be named has deepened. The confidence of his managers is only mildly diluted and the first ballot claims for him continue to be made. Probably the odds still favor his selection but the combination against is more determined and in better position than before. It seems reasonably certain that the convention will nominate no one on the first ballot or the second. It seems clear, too, that with the two-thirds rule in effect, the anti-Roosevelt forces can block him if they are sufficiently hostile to go the limit. Should he be ditched, the available nominees are limited in number. They include Governor Ritchie, Newton D. Baker, James Middleton Cox, Senator Robert Bulkley—with Mr. Owen D. Young in the dim background, still hoped for by the group of exceedingly influential New Yorkers close to him. The basis for this hope is that when the convention meets six weeks from now the condition of the country may be so critical that an alarmed set of delegates and leaders may say to themselves—"It won't do to nominate any of these fellows. The party must turn to the man who towers above them all and is best equipped to grapple with the national crisis that confronts us." It is conceivable that this will happen but not likely. Of more practical interest is it that three of the Democratic availables come from the pivotal State of Ohio—a thing to ponder upon when one recalls how often the parties have picked their candidates from this State. Of course, the basic reason for the intensity of the struggle over the Democratic nomination is the widely held belief that the nominee will become President. The belief is better founded than for a good many years, but it does seem rather a pity that, under such circumstances, the Democratic party is unlikely to present either a great principle or a great man. For that matter, neither will the other side. The times call for heroes, but there is no hero.

Are American Colleges Wasteful?

By W. A. Neilson

President of Smith College

To any one seeking to learn the attitude of the American people toward higher education at the present time two apparently contradictory phenomena would at once present themselves. On the one hand he would find, in both popular and technical publications, abundant criticism of our colleges and universities; and on the other, a great stream of gifts and bequests, astounding to the envious eyes of the academic public in other countries, flowing into the coffers of the institutions for the higher education of men. At a time when the dean of one college is telling us that nine-tenths of the students in college should never have been allowed to enter the gates, and Doctor Flexner is proving to us that we have scarcely a genuine university in our land, Harvard received in one year gifts of over fifteen million dollars. What is the explanation of this strange paradox? Are the critics all wrong, or are people of wealth so careless of the ultimate disposition of their means that they give them without thought to wasteful and inefficient stewards? The critics seem sometimes to be men in a position to know what they are speaking about; yet our millionaires are not in general reckless in the bestowal of their accumulations. Moreover, gifts to colleges are by no means all from the very rich; many come from alumni of moderate and even small means, and would seem to imply a gratitude for something received at college which they at least believe real and valuable. Doctor Flexner himself spent many years in the service of a great foundation, most of whose benefactions went to the very institutions which he now attacks. Were these benefactions made in the teeth of his advice, or did he only gradually come to realize how bad the universities are?

In view of the agreement of our wise men in the need for "direction and enlightenment" for the dissipation of the confusion of our time, it is important that we should find out whether we are wasting our resources on the institutions which should be a main source of such direction and enlightenment. To do this we must first scrutinize the charges that are brought against them and see whether there has

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not been some failure to discriminate among institutions of varying types facing varying conditions; and, secondly, we must come to an understanding as to the function which needs to be performed by the American college, taking into account the peculiar cultural conditions obtaining in the United States at their present stage of development.

It is useless to lump together the State universities and the endowed institutions, the co-educational and the separate colleges, those with examining and those with certificating methods of admission, and attempt to generalize. Some characteristics, of course, they have in common, but their differences in the matters under discussion are more important than their likenesses.

Perhaps the commonest charge is that the American mania for mass production has invaded education. This would seem to mean that we are turning out huge numbers of graduates, that we are turning them out all alike, and that the methods are mechanical and ignore individual differences. With the question of sheer numbers I shall deal later. Meantime let us recall the fact that after the war, without invitation on the part of the colleges, they were suddenly flooded with a vast increase of applicants. This has been supposed to have been due in part to the apparently greater adaptability of the college-bred in meeting the emergencies of 1917–1918—or in lower terms, to the fact that the college-bred easily became officers, while the graduates of the public schools filled the ranks. Whatever the explanations, the State universities, which bore the main stress of this period, made valiant efforts to meet the occasion; and they can hardly be blamed if for a year or two they were unable to enlist adequate staffs, that classes grew too large, and that they were forced to employ some wholesale methods. Soon, however, they began to get control of the situation; and both in them and in the private colleges the outstanding feature of educational progress these last ten years has been the attempt, attended by no small degree of success, to take individual differences into account as never before. Greater freedom and special opportunities for talented students, placement tests designed to avoid the slowing of pace through poor grading, personnel departments and a score of other devices to diagnose intellectual and emotional hindrances and provide guidance for the individual, reduction in the size of classes, more effort to induce the student to assume the burden of his own education—these are only some of the means employed to avoid mechanical standardization and the methods of the factory. It is fair to say that in the face of the greater difficulty created by the growth in numbers, the colleges are much less open to the charge of mass education than before the war.

It is said that the American college admits indiscriminately good students and hopeless ones, and clogs its machinery with unfit raw material. Here it is necessary to discriminate. The State universities by their constitutions and their political conditions would, I believe, admit that they find themselves less able to select than they would wish, and they seek to correct the result by a heavy slaughter of freshmen. This is expensive; but in view of the inescapable difficulties of finding an infallible test of "good college material," a trial freshman year is perhaps not the least fair method of determining who shall have the chance of going through college. The stronger private colleges have for years limited the size of their entering classes, and have spent and are spending endless pains on the problem of a wise selection. The varying standards of schools, the difference in home conditions and the possibility of quite another showing when the student is freed from the home atmosphere, the difference in the age at which intellectual power and curiosity show themselves in different students, the effect of the stimulus of new subjects and new methods of study in college—these are some of the factors that will probably always balk our efforts to make our selecting procedures perfect. If that is so, it is on the whole better that ten per cent of an entering class should be unwisely admitted than that five per cent should be unwisely excluded. Most unwise admissions are corrected within the first year; an unwise exclusion may work irreparable injustice.

The charge is made that in the American college the students are chiefly interested in extra-curricular activities, and that the intellectual life is rarely pursued for its own sake. The truth of this varies from place to place and from period to period: no one knows enough colleges to be justified in making the generalizations so frequently heard. It is true that for a long stretch of years the aiming of the teaching at a rather low average intelligence left the quicker students with so much leisure that they were fain to fill it with an endless variety of clubs and recreations. It is true that those whose time was needed for study sought a share in these activi-

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ties which they could not afford. But the introduction of the methods already referred to for dealing with individual differences has already had a substantial effect on the overemphasis on organizations outside the classroom and the library, and it is less and less common for the student who wishes to pursue intellectual interests to have to apologize for his or her tastes. The baleful influence of intercollegiate athletics, however, is still dominant, to the shame of the men's colleges. The problem has been solved by the women's institutions, which succeed in creating an all but universal habit of exercise—far in excess of that of most men's colleges—without a stadium or an extramural contest. Part of the blame must be borne by faculties and administrators, but the chief responsibility lies with the public and the alumni.

It is frequently said that the colleges have failed to define clearly what they mean by education, and that they do not really know what they are trying to do. Every year a dozen new college presidents present their aims to the public, and no attempt at a new definition will be made here. But an examination of current curricula presents a clear enough picture of what the opportunities are which are offered to the American undergraduate. He is introduced, either by orientation courses or by a compulsory distribution of his choices in the earlier years, to the main fields of knowledge, so that he may not select a subject for specialization without some idea of what lies outside it. He is usually required to concentrate in something sufficiently to carry him well beyond its elementary stages, and for this concentration is offered a choice from the whole range of cultural studies. He is given opportunity to acquire the tools for more advanced study, to learn to express himself clearly, to find his way about a library, to get at the published facts in any subject, to think logically and suspend judgment till all sides of a question are before him, and to work and play with other people. This indicates pretty fairly what the colleges mean by education, and it is neither vague nor contemptible. Of course, few if any students seize all the opportunities, and many seize only a few of them. But this has always been so in every country, yet the world retains faith in education.

The question remains as to whether all is done that might be done to prevent educational wastes, whether the country is getting the maximum of "direction and enlightenment" from its places of learning. The answer must be negative. A great many reasons could be given, but there is one more important than all others. By far the greatest difficulty college administrators have to meet is that of building up an adequate staff, because there are not nearly enough first-rate teachers to go round. The art of teaching is a difficult one, requiring solid learning, imagination, the power of arousing curiosity, the faculty of clear exposition, industry, patience, enthusiasm either for a subject or for the young, and a sympathetic personality. Such qualities are highly marketable, and many departments of life compete for them. Education unfortunately cannot bid high enough to get as much of them as it needs. Too often, "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed"; oftener still, the sheep fail to receive a much needed appetizer. It does not solve our problem to say that those without appetite had better stay away. The country needs "direction and enlightenment"; perhaps, first, it needs the desire to be directed and enlightened; which brings me back to the postponed question of numbers.

If one talks with a European scholar who is lecturing for the first time in an American college and exerts the slight pressure necessary to extract a candid opinion of our academic institutions, one is almost sure to be told that he is disappointed in the average quality of our students. Pressed farther, he will admit that the best of them are as good as any in mental equipment, but that even these often show a rather poor background of general culture. He will think (but probably not say) much the same of our professors. On the basis of these observations, if his stay is short, he will probably go home and report on American civilization. His observations will not be far wrong, yet his report will be quite misleading.

The educational programme of any country should be related to the needs of that country, to its present state of cultivation, and to the constitution and movement of its society. The society of the United States is exceedingly mobile, with a high standard of living and an increasing margin of leisure, with a road from poverty to riches much travelled in both directions. In contrast, the society of the older European countries is static and, in spite of democratic advance still largely dominated by caste. Most, though not all, of the students of

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their universities either belong to the aristocracy and gentry, or come from the families of officials and professional men, and are preparing to follow in the footsteps of their fathers. The average of culture they bring from their homes is therefore relatively high. With us, on the contrary, the students come from all classes, and they are in proportion to population ten times as many. A fair comparison of average level of scholastic ability with the university men of France and Germany should take into account only the top tenth of American students. As for background, the explanation is obvious. Even in the case of many who come from homes of wealth, the material means of refinement have been in their possession for only a part of the lives of their parents; and in the case of others, they frequently get a college education at the cost of privation and overwork, both on their own part and that of their families, who may not even speak our language.

But, it may be asked, why seek to educate ten times as many? Why dilute the academic population with so many of inferior quality? Why not reserve the privilege of a college education for a carefully chosen élite, so that our resources in equipment and in really good teachers might be more nearly adequate, the campus atmosphere become really intellectual, and the benefit to the country be equally great and much less costly?

One fundamental reason why we seek to educate so many is that we have not yet abandoned the democratic ideal. As a nation we still believe that culturally as well as politically and economically the road should be open to ability and industry. We know that our leaders have by no means always come from those born to wealth and privilege, and we believe that to reserve educational opportunity in general for a small class is to weaken the country and do injustice to the individual.

Whether these beliefs are well based or no, there are other reasons to be adduced in support of our policy. One is that, as a matter of history, possessors of wealth have always influenced for good or ill the progress of art and science and the level of taste. We must educate their heirs in self-defense. Another is that we have universal suffrage, and we must produce as many enlightened citizens as possible, again in self-defense. In both cases we must now include women. In matters of taste they are immensely more important to our society than men; in matters of politics they are becoming more influential every day. Two instances occur to me as I write. We are told that it was the women of Seaham who gave Ramsay MacDonald last October a victory whose effect on the whole world it is impossible to estimate; and Mr. Hoover has broken all precedent in sending the woman president of a woman's college to the Disarmament Conference.

All this does not mean that the colleges must throw their doors open to all comers. We must go on laboring at the problems of selection of the best risks, as we must go on with a hundred other educational problems. But it does mean that our high level of material well-being gives us the possibility and imposes on us the duty of providing a longer period of education for a greater proportion of our population than the older peoples have thought possible or desirable. We must learn to spend our wealth on things that are worth while, we must learn to employ our leisure in a fashion to enrich our lives, and, perhaps most important of all, we must sharpen and inform as many minds as we can in the hope of finding leaders who can direct us, and of training a public sufficiently enlightened to follow them when they are found.

Unparalleled interest still centres in Robert Wohlforth's article on the R. O. T. C., "Warriors of the Campus," in the April SCRIBNER'S. *A few of the many letters received are reprinted in the back pages of this number. A more extended discussion may appear later. Military training is a burning issue in the colleges. President Neilson discusses, in his article above, the plaguing question of education in a democracy. In a future issue Margaret Emerson Bailey will write of class distinctions in the private schools under the title "New Poverties of Education."—And a product of ultra-modern education, H. LeB. Bercovici, relates in hilarious fashion his experiences in "A Radical Childhood."*

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Cartwright *vs.* America

By Chard Powers Smith

A forecast of revolution—but not in the name of Marx and Lenin. A defense of the American character in reply to Edmund Wilson's devastating portrait of Mr. Cartwright in the March SCRIBNER'S.

IT is not difficult in these dubious days to foresee radical economic change. It takes no Marxian to see that the capitalist machine, grown formidable since the turn of the century, is already wabbling. And coincident with economic maladjustment we see public and private morals degraded to the standard of expediency, until there is scarcely visible in our sky a leader or an aim to which we can attach either personal or national aspiration. The signs of the bourgeois decay of the Marxian prophecy are all around us. It is clear that change must come, and by force if necessary. What apparently is not clear is the quarter from which change will arise, the forces which in this peculiar nation will gather to cast off the parasitic system which has been growing over it for a generation.

The communist's answer to this question is facile. He need only open his Marx. There he will find it written that the condition of the workers will grow worse until they are ripe for revolution, until indeed they have "nothing to lose but their chains." Meanwhile competing capital will have concentrated in vast combinations which will grow so unwieldy that they will no longer be profitable even to their owners, while their organizations will be so centralized as to invite easy appropriation. The proletariat will rise with the repressed rage of centuries and hand over the machine to their dictators. It will all be easy. The workers need only have patience a little longer. It is all in the book. And if the communist will further glance at the statistics he may take comfort in the fact that his potential army—all the mine and factory workers, whether native or foreign-born, augmented by those of un-American tradition in other occupations—are about 40 per cent* of the population, set off against a reactionary class of perhaps 5 per cent whose motto is the war-cry of Commodore Vanderbilt—"The public be damned." Surely the proletariat are the class in the country with the numerical strength and the common cause to bring about change.

The communist has his ideal prescription for sick countries everywhere. It is written in his book. Surely it will apply here. He need not consider the peculiar nature of this patient, her special neurotic organization which was determined a long time ago. He need not consider the character of America. And he does well to neglect this factor in his diagnosis, for the true communist does not and cannot know this country for which he prescribes. The genuinely conditioned revolutionary who damns Jesus, Shakespeare, Ford and clean finger-nails as all equally bourgeois, this single-minded individual has never experienced America. He lives in the glib European illusion that America is young, that she has no past, only a future. He is likely to be foreign-born or—what is the same thing—he is born of one or two generations in industrial centres where his formative period received little or no influence from the culture of America before 1900, where his vision has been limited by the horizon of the factory or the mine, a horizon occupied only by his afflicted fellows and their afflicting rulers. He sees his 40 per cent growing yearly more restive and better consolidated. And he sees his 5 per cent of reactionary bosses crouching in their webs like spiders whom the flies will presently overwhelm. He sees his 40 per cent and his 5 per cent gathered with their economic issues around their chimneys and their holes in the ground. But what he does not see is that beneath the surface where the flies and spiders crawl there is a gigantic organism animated by a single spirit and a single tradition of three hundred years, an organism which in its own good and ponderous time will rise and shake off both flies and spiders in a cata-

*These, and the other estimates that follow are adapted roughly from the *Statistical Abstract of the United States.*

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clysmic gesture peculiarly its own. The communist does not see that a successful revolution by the workers under the red flag and in the name of Marx and Lenin, and a dictatorship of, for, or by the proletariat are all impossible in this country. The force of change, if it comes to force, will be applied by a majority of the American people, *of no special economic class,* rising against a minority who have denied their traditional rights as Americans, rising in the conviction that they are fighting "to make men free." And the names on their lips will be Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. And their symbols will be the same song and the same flag and the same eagle we have followed before, despite their sometime degradation by the capitalists.

This lethargic majority will be slow to move. They took about fifteen years to gather momentum before 1775, under the goading of the then progressives. They took about twenty-five years, under similar goading, before 1860. In their inertia they are like conservatives. But when they act they are like radicals in ruthlessness. In fact no European terminology can be applied to them. They are Americans. They are barely stirring to-day. They are still living under the characteristic hope that everything will come out all right. It may be another twenty-five years before they focus their power on a common cause. It may be much less. If the foreign idealists start a capitalist-labor buzz they will hasten the major move. And I hope they start their buzz, and I welcome the atrocities that may precipitate it. For it will be a minor skirmish between alien forces severally squatting on our land. And in pitching the communists back into the ocean America will awake to her ills. She will gather into a rumble and a hitch ahead, and will proceed to pitch back into the gutter the predatory system that has fed on her for thirty years. And she will emerge on a path of continuity visible back, not to Russia of 1917, but Plymouth of 1620 and Jamestown of 1607.

The peculiar soil of that path is the American soil, the soil of individualism, "liberty," "the dream of the common man"; the principle that I am the source of sovereignty, that I give up to government only so much of my freedom as is needful for my better security, and that I retain a maximal residuum of authority in moral, spiritual and economic choices; the principle that I do not exist for the state but the state for me. Absurd as are the democratic excesses to which this Anglo-Calvinistic notion has carried us—and they have been sufficiently pointed out!—it has yet been the integrating force of the nation for three centuries, and could no more be bred out by a generation of dictated education than it has been bred out by living for a generation under the capitalist anæsthesia. That individualism was valid and affirmative to meet its trials in the past. It is alive to-day in the unspoiled majority of the population, and presently they will hear again the soul of John Brown marching on.

In that up-rising the communist will be treated with as little patience as the capitalist. Despite his utopian message the American ear will not hear him at all. For better or for worse we are too far gone in democracy. I can resent to the point of war the fact that my country is not giving the worker and the farmer a square deal, that the state is not existing for them as well as for me. But I can feel nothing but a flaccid sag in my abdomen at the prospect of a utopia in which my neighbor and I, however poverty-bound, shall no longer be able to stand up severally and say "I," instead of collectively "we" or "the state" or the name and number of our soviet. That may be possible for the Russian peasant who begins, individualistically speaking, from zero. It may in fact represent the final state of humanity at which, after bloody centuries, we shall all arrive. But to me as an American living in this particular century it represents a final degradation of the race, an ant-hill in which the peculiar distinctions and justifications of the species *homo sapiens* will be lost. Limitation of the power incident to ownership?—certainly. Limitation of the amount of wealth to be enjoyed by an individual?—by all means. Central planning to stabilize production?—of course. Government supervision of hours, wages and the right to discharge?—the sooner the better. The laborer to have some voice in the management of his factory?—certainly, on the analogy of the farmer's voice in the affairs of his township. Collective control of markets by the farmers?—long overdue. Generally we must move with the world toward collectivism, but a collectivism peculiar to our traditions, not a collectivism borrowed from Russia or imposed by any alien dogma, a collectivism voluntarily entered into by a majority of the people involved, and sav-

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ing the American dream. Never the loss of the individual in the state.

Quantitatively speaking, the force for progressive reform in America resides in the farmers and the inhabitants of village agricultural centres who wear the same character as their rural neighbors. No distinction need be made here between native- and foreign-born, for I have noticed in rural communities how quickly the soil impresses those who work it with the character of the generations who have worked it before them. Conservatively estimated, these agricultural people, like the workers and the foreign-born, make up 40 per cent of the population. Here is a homogeneous block of the country that would rather die than see its land collectivized or receive from above any dictation of its way of life. And the farmers will be very hard either to persuade or kill. Unlike old-world peasants they are already equipped with the automobile and the radio, and are generally in contact with the world beyond their mail-boxes. And unlike old-world peasants they are accustomed to think of themselves as free men with a share in and a responsibility for government. They have no sense of inferiority or class. They are conservative and satisfied with their own inner integrity. But they are the repositories of the crusading spirit of the Puritans, and when they move they will move fanatically, in the American way. The farmer may not rise without an economic impulse stronger than that goading him to-day. But when he does shoulder his gun he will march to the tune of an old moral impulse to tear down tyranny and make men free. Already he is awaking to the tyranny of middle-men and of industry. When his need is a little greater and he can couple it to a moral issue, let the capitalist and the communist alike beware. It will be John Brown again.

But the farmers alone can hardly be counted on to produce and put into effect a programme of reform applicable to industry as well as to agriculture. They will need leavening from other elements of the population whose interests are ramified throughout the country. They will look for leadership to men whose opportunities have opened to them national rather than local horizons. Where then are we to find these leaders who will make common cause with the farmer and co-ordinate his needs with those of the industrial worker?

One looks to municipalities with a population in excess of 5,000. (I take an arbitrary figure from the statistics.) One deducts a fair estimate of the number engaged in manufacturing and mining, part of that 40 per cent of the entire population which I have conceded to the communists as the body of their invading army. One deducts also that 5 per cent of the population whom I set down as stand-patters. And one comes up with 15 per cent of the nation, city-dwellers, American-born and conditioned by the pre-capitalist culture, a group distributed over every economic and social stratum—laborers in transport and the crafts, government employees, shopkeepers, aviators, salesmen, professional men, scientists, educators, and all the innumerable occupations that grade between these and cluster around them. Here is a formidable group, not only a considerable man-power but the source to which America will look for leadership, as communism will look to that group of literary idealists who are becoming more and more articulate and who profess such a singleness of purpose. Is there an analogous singleness in this group that we may call the city Americans? Is there among them any living homogeneity, any social integrity which may be counted on to crystallize the country in its hour of trial which is coming nearer with every dawn?

At this point comes Mr. Edmund Wilson assuring us that there is no such integrity, that this important nucleus of America is lost beyond redemption in the void of capitalism. In an article called "The Best People" (SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, March), he gives us in the person of one Cartwright a plausible portrait of a very ordinary kind of snob, a person who is helplessly committed to the standards of wealth, smartness, keeping up with the other "best people" by surrounding himself with the gadgets distributed to the socially ambitious through fads created by radios, electric signs and arty advertisements; a pathetic half-man who, reminded by a rudimentary humanity of the meaninglessness of his existence, makes a belated gesture toward art or literature, recoils from the failure of this into gin, and ends his days as a neurotic, an alcoholic, a suicide, or better, all three. Mr. Wilson professes a familiarity with this futilitarian. He tells us in some detail of his bathroom fixtures, his green tub and his purple toilet-paper. I daresay that my experience with America and Americans is as wide

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as Mr. Wilson's. Yet I have never found it necessary to invade the smart *Vanity Fair* privacy of Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright. They are a peculiar phenomenon, the American version of the Old World little-bourgeois snob, but it is hardly necessary to identify them with the country. The peculiar set of determinants seeded down to every one born before 1900 somehow never took root in them, or sprouted so faintly as to produce only that nervous disquiet that asks another cocktail. Something was wrong back there in the days of their parents and their grandparents. They left whatever they were born to and chased off somewhere after wealth. They were on the move then and they are on the make now. Let them rest, with a bottle of gin as their headstone. But the inscription is "Cartwright." It is not "America."

But Mr. Cartwright, if his author wishes, may be made a symbol of a condition of chaos in which he is the most formless of all the unformed powers. As Mr. Wilson says, he is caught between the upper and the nether mill-stone. The upper mill-stone is the new-rich, the new very rich, the great capitalists who set out frankly after power and attain it, and to whom life's only meaning is the gathering of more power. These super-Cartwrights are included in the 5 per cent of the population I have set down as stand-patters. And beneath these and their Cartwright parasites the nether mill-stone is that loud section of the urban population who, stripped of all social standards by the new-rich whom they imitate and who prey upon them, have poured their vitality into hysterical pseudo-standards and make up that vast loud-speaking, electric-flashing, bathing-beautifying, Emily-Post-reading, fad-chasing, marathon-dancing, flag-pole-sitting, crooning, emasculated, speed-loving, sensation-loving, crime-breeding, wholly uncivilized horde that sprawls upon the country and is delighted to give it their appearance. Just who these people are there is no telling, to what extent they are included like the Cartwrights in our 15 per cent of city Americans, to what extent they are industrial workers or foreign-born and so outside this group. There is no telling to what extent they are a phenomenon already past with prosperity, and even now dividing in the quest for standards between the communists on the one hand and those we shall call the old Americans on the other. They are an uncertain lot, without social integration and so not of themselves formidable. But in so far as they represent a strain of helplessness in the old American stock they may be significant. Together with the true Cartwrights and the new-rich we may lump them all under the name of Cartwright. For they are all afflicted with the same virus, Cartwright's disease, the anemia of wealth that leaves man-like bodies still gesticulating long after their inner being has vanished. The direction of the future may depend to some extent on the depth to which this disease has eaten. The question is whether, among that 15 per cent of the population we have called city Americans, there is still a solid body of old Americans with the integrity and the unanimity to lead the country along its determined way. It is a fight between the loud forces of wealth and the silent forces of tradition. It is *Cartwright vs. America.*

If Mr. Wilson had been content to point out his Cartwrights and their entourage as a disease and let it go at that, we might accept his criticism with the silent shame with which we read that of our other negative critics, the Menckens, the Lewises, the Dreisers. But Mr. Wilson, in his fury of a convert, goes farther. In one sweeping gesture he identifies his tissue-paper gentlefolk with all of American civilization. He assures us indeed that there is no such civilization, that in fact there never was. Cartwright is himself the inheritor of all his country ever had to offer. In addition to his pretense to plumbing, it seems that he makes some pretense to tradition. He models his morals feebly on the standards of the past. Wherefore, in the view of his author, he "manages part of the time at least to live in *a world which does not really exist, which has never except briefly and locally existed.*" That is the dismissal by Mr. Edmund Wilson, social critic, of three hundred years of history whose continuous and consistent flow carried all of the population up to about 1900 and to-day carries at least half of 120,000,000 people, the only half that "really exists." That is the dismissal by Mr. Edmund Wilson, herald of American reality, of all that half of his country bred in a tradition that seeks no wealth beyond basic security and looks for reality only in moral and intellectual terms, a reality that Mr. Wilson, along with the other smug cynics, says "does not exist" and "has never except briefly and locally existed."

Is it perhaps needful that I enumerate that half

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and more of the population in whom the reality of America persists? I have already indicated the bulk of the quota in the farmers, many of whom I have known, both east and west. Must I also point out that incalculable multitude of old Americans in cities, whose social integrity is one with that of the farmers? Must I point out that considerable number of my father's generation who submitted to the capitalist ether about 1900 and are now mumbling back into consciousness, mightily torn between their intelligence and their "anti-socialistic" prejudices? Must I point out, at the nether end of the scale, that characteristic preoccupation with social matters on the part of contemporary students who concern themselves at first with utopias—a healthy youthful phase—but after a few years will turn from curing humanity to see what can be done about their own country? Must I point out the people with whom I went to public school in my small native city, whom I find to-day taking their reverses with a laugh, going off to shoot ducks or play—and why not?—golf, poor people mostly, good fighters and uncheapened? Must I point out those wealthier among them who went to college, who knew the travails of the "lost generation," but who now are awaking to their traditional responsibility and are substituting capitalism, liberalism and communism for sex and liquor as subjects of conversation? Must I point out all of my university friends whose snobbery, when it existed, was a snobbery of genuine gentility and responsibility, family pride, and disregard of the Cartwrights? Must I point out that considerable minority in New York who hark back to the farm or the small town and have yielded not one whit to the electric sign and the radio?—although generally I give New York to the Cartwrights, along with perhaps two or three other enormous meccas of cheapness. Must I point out, in my present neighborhood, my hired man, carpenter, plumber, mason, grocer, butcher, garage-keeper, and all the rest who, along with my immediate farmer neighbors, are the same Yankees that their grandfathers were, and their great-great-grandfathers. Must I point out to Mr. Wilson and his comrades that we of America are still America? And may I point out, perhaps to their annoyance, that *we are not in any sense an economic class?* I will stand with my farmer neighbors, and with my neighbors who like me are immigrants from New York. I will stand with my college friends some of whom are desperately poor. I will stand with all the clerks and shop-keepers in my native town and all such towns. I will stand with the man who has risen into prosperity with an industry he or his ancestors founded, an industry in which loyalty and mutual trust still obtain between employer and employee. I will stand with the very rich man who went mad after power and won it and recognizes his futility, refuses to be a Cartwright, and is raising his children in the old tradition to seek reality outside of money. We will stand together, we Americans. The capitalists will not buy us, and the communists will not budge us. We will move against the Cartwrights and their disease in our own time and in our traditional way of a crusade. We will brush the communists aside in passing and will, in our own way, remedy most of their complaints. We remember a time when wealth was pretty evenly distributed, when "the best people," in Mr. Wilson's silly phrase, were a third to a half the town, when social distinction was chiefly between landowner and "help." We remember the American scene as it was only day before yesterday, and we will set up an analogous scene on the industrial stage. We are sick of the negative critics who walk round us with their eyes closed and point out the Cartwrights and the Babbitts—albeit the Babbitts at heart are with us and will be with us. We have seen the Cartwrights and we don't like them. As for Mr. Wilson and his comrades, we shall hardly see them at all, especially when they fail to behave like guests in this country they clearly do not know.

We shall be slow to gather momentum. We have been dazed by the prospect of a prosperity that apparently did not need us. What is worse, we have been disorientated by the substitution of Freud and gin for Jehovah and decency. But we are not dead because we have been out of a spiritual job for a generation. Our problem is more difficult than that of the communist. He need only look in his book. But ours is the custody of the fact of America, and when we move we are a race upon its way. We have lost our gods, and we are groping for new ones. For we are addicted to gods and we follow them with a power that is, for all we know, unopposable. Our new gods are already looming.

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The Happiest Time

A COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL ENTERED IN THE $5,000 PRIZE CONTEST

By Grace Flandrau

Author of "One Way of Love"

Bacon smoke and cigarette smoke no longer curled toward the windows but blued the after-breakfast air in strata, quiet. The room was filled with the bland whiteness of reflected snow and in the morning pause, always the same but pleasant, Lily waited. She sat straight on her chair holding her coffee cup in her thin long fingers. Built like a little prima donna Lily was, full breast, trim small waist. Her Camellia-white face was smooth, her eyes at once blank and observant, and they rested on her furniture, her window curtains, all her things, contemplative. She waited for the exact moment when she should feel like getting up to do the dishes.

". . . mauve baby pants, sixty-nine cents. Waterproof. Maids' aprons . . ."

Lily's intaking, uncommitted look swerved to her mother.

". . . eyelet trim, a dollar fifty. Wicker bird cages . . ."

Mrs. Miller was sitting half turned from the table, scrunched up a little. She had one hand to the small of her back and the other clutched the morning paper firmly. Lily felt her own gaze on her mother, felt herself seeing her like something you see in a picture and for the first time. That was the way she saw things—or so Amy said—without thought, like an artist. I think too much, Amy said, to see things. Amy was funny.

Sharply Lily saw her mother's purple woolly dressing sacque fastened with the cameo pin. Never a time when she couldn't remember that pin, carved face of homely old man but ringletted with curls, sculptural, like the leaves on a Greek capital. Saw the gun-metal button pinned to her breast and the thin chain that held the glasses. When her mother pulled a certain way the button ate the little chain quickly up and left the glasses dangling. And on top of her head that awful boudoir cap. *Honestly.* Nobody wore boudoir caps any more, and on crooked too, the coquettish frill hanging down over one eye. Well, that was Aunt Rose's fault, always giving her mother those awful caps. And you could see her hair on curl papers inside—This way I don't have to fix my hair when I get up. I can wait till you get ready to fix it for me, girlie. And there would be, when she explained about the cap, that certain smile, timid, deprecatory, wistful. In her contemplation Lily seemed to see that smile, to see indeed the whole of her mother's life in a certain look on her face so gentle under coquettish frill.

And she saw too, the edges of her nostrils whitened by the pain under her shoulder blade. Gas, I knew I oughtn't to touch that cabbage. But I *will* do it. Always telling them what gave her this and what gave her that. And when she talked that way Lily sent Amy a little look, she just couldn't help it, and Amy got so angry with their mother she left the room. Or else burst out with something. But Amy went too far. Amy was terrible.

" . . . wicker bird cages, assorted sizes, from four . . ."

A tremor that did not become a smile passed over Lily's full finely shaped lips. "Well, mother, as there aren't any babies or any maids or even any birds in this house . . ." Still, if she would read the newspaper aloud it might as well be advertisements as weather reports or chicken born with two hearts or family of baby snakes brought up by mother cat! Lily gave a short laugh and got to her feet. Poor mother, bless her heart.

Gosh, honey, can't you stop her? Thatch com-

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plained. Well, Thatch, he needn't think he had so much to say. He'd better get busy and make some money. Where would they be if it hadn't been for the money her mother gave them when she came to visit? They'd have been put out of the house by now, that's where they'd be. Rapidly she scraped the plates and marched back and forth with her head up, clicking her heels on the hardwood floors. This art business—he'd just better get busy.

Mrs. Miller's voice became more wilful now that she knew she must stop and help Lily: "One pound premier brand coffee given away with . . ."

And too, it helped her to resist temptation. When she was reading it wasn't so hard for her to decline eggs that made her bilious and pancakes that gave her heartburn. Lily bent over her mother and kissed her downy, wrinkling cheek, twitched the cap tartly into place. "Why can't she make them anyway so they'll stay on straight?"

They put all the plates together on one side of the sink and the cups, saucers, silver, glass, each in a separate pile. Lily turned the hot water into the pan and took the kettle from the stove. It was boiling and thick white steam belched from the lily-shaped spout.

"You got nice hot water, girlie."

"I like lots of hot water. I like it boiling hot and lots of soap. Aunt Rose never has enough hot water. Ugh." She turned the cold on too and sprinkled powdered soap into the foamy mass. "They never use enough soap, either." She was waiting for the look that always came on her mother's face when she or Amy said anything against Aunt Rose or any of the other aunts and cousins. A look of passive resistance.

Her mother pursed her lips gently, withdrew her eyes and took a dish towel off the rack, holding it in her hand. Lily began to lift out the glasses and placed them upside down on the grooved enamel drain on the other side of the sink. They never rinsed the glasses because soapy water was supposed to make them shine.

Aunt Rose. Of course she wore those awful caps too, although she was as vain as she could be and spent hours in department stores looking at scarfs and lace collars she couldn't afford to buy. Still, Aunt Rose wasn't so bad. She was quite sweet, but who Lily couldn't bear was that Walter and the girls and Uncle Earle. Her mother needn't think she had to bring them all over here right away. She'd have them here all the time if she could. Especially if it weren't for Amy. Amy came right out about them, but Amy said too much.

"What about Amy? Is she going to sleep all day I'd like to know?"

"It's early yet." Her mother's voice was indulgent.

"Well, if she didn't read all night she could get up like other people."

Her mother raised her soft dark eyes from the plate she was wiping and looked out of the window across the snow. After a moment she said: "Her father was a great reader."

Lily banged forks into the pan. "She only reads at night when she hasn't got anything better to do."

"I used to say to him, Will, you won't have any eyes left, working all day and then this night reading too. But you could never . . ."

Lily ran the water noisily. Now, no use her mother getting started on all that. Just forget the whole business. That was the best way. Keep on about Amy: "I think it's funny Amy didn't want to stay home this winter."

Her mother took off her glasses to see who was coming out of Purdue's woods way down there. "It don't look like the old man."

"She didn't want to stay, did she?"

"It might be that Swede that cuts his wood." She put on her glasses again and took up a handful of saucers. "I guess maybe she isn't real contented out there."

"Why not? Why shouldn't she be?"

"Well, we don't know many, you know. I mean of the kind Amy thinks we ought to. I guess she's ambitious like her father."

"Ambitious for what?"

"Well, I don't know."

Lily looked at her mother. No, she wouldn't know. Funny thing, their mother's people, how they'd gone down hill. They'd begun by being great people a century or so before in Connecticut and then, generation after generation they'd let go, moved west, got to be hardly anything more than ordinary farmers.

"To do and be, I expect," her mother added, making an effort.

"I thought she was going to marry Jim Harvey?"

"I guess she did intend to once. But that was a year ago."

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"Doesn't she hear from him any more?"

Her mother sighed. "She don't tell me anything, you know."

"The trouble with Amy is, she's spoiled. I never saw anybody so spoiled in all my life."

"I expect maybe she is." She paused. "Her father began it."

"You do too, mother."

"I guess so." She wiped the last plate and put it in the corner cupboard over the sink. "But she will have her own way. Always would. Even when she was a little thing."

"You told me you were glad to get her away this winter," Lily suggested, curious. She wanted to know more about this, but had to get it out of her mother indirectly.

"Well, yes. That Lovet girl." Mrs. Miller lowered her voice, drew her lips sideways in disapproval. "She got Amy in with that Sturges fellow and that Doolittle and all. I guess Amy thinks they're the big people."

"They are well known. I often heard of them when I was out there."

"And that Jack Lacey . . ."

"Yes, and the Laceys too. She likes that. It means a lot to Amy."

"I suppose so. There never was much I could do for either of you that way. Your father would have liked it too, if I could have, I guess. And then after all the trouble . . ."

Lily overturned the dishpan and sloshed the soapy water over the sink. "Let's see, Jack Lacey's the youngest of the Lacey boys, isn't he?"

"He's nothing but a drunkard." Mrs. Miller's voice trembled. "And they say all kinds of awful things. I was afraid every time she went out with him. I was afraid to have her shake hands with him."

"Oh, they don't get it that way, mother."

"And of course Amy can't go round with them without getting to drinking too."

Lily began to scrape up in her slender fingers the debris that gathered round the drain—she hated this part—and threw it in the three-sided tin basket that was hooked to one corner of the sink. There was a smell of warm grease and sopped food, nasty dishwashy smell. You couldn't blame Amy if she liked to go round with people that had some money. She, Lily, was good and sick of always being poor. And this drinking business, she didn't put much stock in it. Everybody drank nowadays except people like Uncle Earle and the rest of her mother's family. But they didn't know anything about anything. Still, Amy didn't seem to care a bit about money. In fact she was a queer mixture. Nobody would have thought she'd be this way, she was so different when she was a young girl. She wasn't a bit like Aunt Rose's Sadie, for instance, who flirted with every man she saw, even the policeman when she could get off with the Chevrolet and drive in the park over there in Flatbush. Man crazy, all of Aunt Rose's girls. Lily couldn't stand them. But you never thought of Amy that way, maybe because she had brains. Funny you never thought a girl with brains liked men or they liked her. Besides Amy had always been rather standoffish. Well, she was funny.

"And she don't seem happy either, not even when she's full of fun." Her mother sighed. "She could be happy just as well as not, if she only would. It's the happiest time of her life."

Lily thought she'd remember that last phrase and repeat it to Amy. It was the kind that made Amy particularly mad.

Out of the window over the sink she could see the back yard, the oak grove and the drive freshly covered with snow. It went down to the main road that ran back of their place and back of all the places along the river. She could see the path too, to the studio and the end of the studio among the trees. And while she gazed, thinking of nothing, she saw Thatch come out of the studio and begin doing something with a piece of wire that was lying on the ground. She flung up the window.

"Thatch!" she shouted. "Thatch!"

He raised his head and looked toward the house.

"Go down and get the letters."

"What?"

"Letters," she yelled. "Go down and get them." She saw he was going to protest and pulled down the window to shut out his voice. Amusing, for some reason, to yell at Thatch and tell him to do things. She didn't generally want to dominate people, only Thatch. Now she knew he would make a display of not wanting to be disturbed at his work. She saw he was frowning and that he shouted something at her, and for some reason she laughed. He went on fussing with the wire, but only, she knew, for effect. He really wanted to go for the

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letters and then come back to the house and loaf awhile. Suddenly she jerked up the window, screamed, letters! jerked it down. And she felt her own special unsmiled smile twitch her lips and was aware of the bold amused look in her eyes. Poor Thatch, poor mother, poor Amy. Well, if she had what each needed she would give it away to him . . .

Still she stood looking vaguely toward the oak grove. Nice. She liked it here, the woods, the river in front. And it was near enough New York so Thatch could go in and see about selling his stuff. Of course this house—it had cost a lot—but Thatch had had some money of his own, her mother gave them some, they borrowed the rest. Now they could never pay the interest or their bills. Nobody bought his statues or gave him orders as he thought they would for portrait busts. Well, she wasn't going to worry herself sick, no matter what she pretended to Thatch. What was the use of worry? But Amy was different. Amy once asked her: What have you got at the very bottom inside? Are you brave or just stupid, or aren't you interested in your own life? This last, she could see, baffled Amy the most. And she hadn't answered. She didn't know, didn't care much anyhow.

The back door opened with a swirl of cold air and a little silver cloud of snow-dust that stung her face and bare forearms. Thatch stood in the doorway looking at her severely. She noticed as always the something about his chubby well-bred face that was like a little boy's. He looked so very straight out of his blue eyes. Honest eyes, a little puzzled, as a boy's often are.

"Well, don't stand there all day and don't come in with your overshoes on."

"Who's coming in with their overshoes on?" He wiped his feet on the mat and, still looking at her reprovingly, began to push off one overshoe with the toe of the other. His severe look made her want to laugh and right along with it he said:

"Well, honey, don't I get a kiss for these?"

She stuck up her face pertly, but only for an instant.

"Just the same, pretty girl, don't do it again, see? Don't go calling me away from my work, I don't like it, see?"

Lily took the letters. Her mother pulled her glasses down by their little chain and stuck them on her nose where they sat crookedly. She looked over Lily's shoulder.

"Amy, there's one, no, there's two for Amy, and here's mine." She took it, smiling. "Here's the one I wanted, right enough."

The rest of the letters were addressed to Thatch and marked, most of them with an Urgent or Please Remit in red or violet ink.

"Did you happen to notice what these are?" Lily enquired, sarcastic.

"Sure, I did, honey. They're bills."

"Yes, that's exactly what they are. Have you got any particular plans about paying them?"

"Say, you act as if it was my fault. I'd pay them if I could, wouldn't I?"

Lily kept her eyes with their abstracted look steadily on his face.

"Besides, how can I do any work when you're always interrupting me?" There was more she didn't hear. He thrust the letters into his pocket, pouting. He went to the stove and looked into the coffee-pot. There was coffee in it. He filled a cup and put in three lumps of sugar, opened the bread-box and took out a cinnamon bun. He bit into it pleasurably. Mrs. Miller called out something from the next room. He pushed the bite of bread into one cheek where it made a large lump and called back in a friendly voice:

"What's that, mother?" Then, carrying his bun and coffee he went into the dining-room. He moved with the soft bouncing step of a young man beginning too early to get stout.

"Mother says Nellie has ninety-seven little chicks." Lily heard her mother exclaim.

"Oh, is Grandma Dwyer staying with Aunt Nellie?"

"Yes." Mrs. Miller turned back and began to read the whole letter aloud to Thatch.

Lily went through the room without stopping to listen. She went into the sitting-room and sat down at the piano. Why doesn't Lily keep up her music? Why doesn't Lily practise? Well, she wasn't like that. Airs came so easily, pleasant little combinations flow from fingers without having to be coerced. Always one could go to the piano. She strummed softly and absently, half listening to what she played, to the crackling of the fire, to a phrase from the dining-room.

"Mother, if I had one thousand dollars right now I could make ten in two years."

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Yes, he could! And she saw in her mind her mother's face, attentive, interested but not personally interested. Poor mother, she gives us all the money she can spare. Besides she wouldn't invest with Thatch. She wasn't interested in business schemes unless there was fancy letter-paper with lists of vice-presidents and stock-certificates with red and blue ribbons and gold seals. Stock in a California company for harnessing the power of the waves, lovely gold seals it had. Stock in a St. Louis company of which the promoter was at present in jail. Mother thinks it's because the government is jealous of his scheme. And that dentist out home who, she said, made it possible for her to get a few shares in a Tropical Products company guaranteed to pay twenty per cent in three years. Lily thought of the look, gravely happy, with which her mother spoke of what she would do for them all when her ship, as she put it, came in. When she thought of her mother that way, of her mother's love and innocence and care for them all, her heart felt sad. She felt confused and it made her brusque with them, with Thatch too, hiding her love. Thatch's voice:

"I'm an artist, a sculptor. All right. A good sculptor. But do I sell my stuff?"

Lily raised her voice: "You certainly do not."

"I'm not talking to you, honey."

"No, you better not." She began to play very loud and when she listened again he was talking about wire.

" . . . little wire models, see? Dogs, horses, soldiers, what have you, all made of wire. They'll be so the children can fill them with clay or plaster and then take away the wire—and they'll have their own little statues they made themselves."

He's making it up as he goes along. Every day a new idea for pot boilers. Or maybe he had been at work on these this morning. That wire. Crazy. Maybe it was a little sad too.

". . . and say a hundred thousand women go shopping every day in a certain number of cities. The figure isn't important, but suppose we take a hundred thousand."

"All right," her mother agreed.

"Well, now, how many of these women would be mothers?"

"I couldn't even guess," admitted Mrs. Miller.

"Say roughly, half. That's fifty thousand. Say, of these, one-half are mothers of young children school age . . ."

Lily got up and walked into the dining-room clicking her heels. "I thought you had to work today."

He turned his face to her, putting on it a look of surprise. "Why, you here, pretty girl?"

"What you better do is get on a train and go to New York. Maybe Adolphson has sold something. Maybe he's sold the baby's head or the little goat. And if he hasn't, you better look for a job. You just better look for a job. And never mind the fifty thousand mothers."

She stamped out into the kitchen and began rattling the stove. After a moment, "My God," she shouted back at him.

II

Mrs. Miller had been glad when Lily came into the room. She was getting just a little tired of Thatch's schemes. He surely could talk when he got started, but it wasn't always very interesting. She knew what Lily was going to do now. Lily was going to get Amy's breakfast. Yes, looking into the kitchen, she saw Lily take down the tray. She half rose from her chair but sat down again. Thatch was still talking. She didn't notice what he said. She got up a second time and went to the window. How cold it was and still. The Christmas trees were weighed down with snow, every branch with its one little mound exactly fitted to it. The snow on the yard was as smooth, as smooth could be, except where a bird had walked—she could see his claw prints, so dainty—or for the funny three-holed trail of a rabbit. And from here they couldn't see the road or a house or any living thing. No movement except when a white branch-load fell off, plop, and spoiled the smoothness underneath.

She kept looking at the tracks of the animals. That rabbit, my what a jump. She could just see him flying, his long ears laid back. She smiled. Cute little fellows with their pink-lemonade eyes and hearts beating so fast under their fur coats. And how cold their feet must be in the snow. Of course Amy liked it better when Lily took up her tea. But this morning there were letters, Amy would be glad. She'd like to give Amy the letters because Amy would be pleased.

She put her hand to her cap, maybe it was on crooked. Amy didn't like her to wear it or Lily either. But Lily wasn't so violent as Amy about her likes and dislikes. Amy . . . How nice the bit-

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tersweet looked with the snow frosting the red berries and little turned-back yellow leaves. It wouldn't grow, out with them, western winters too cold, probably.

The pain in her back got quite sharp and she began to thump gently to bring up the gas. She belched a little and said: "Excuse me, son, but that'll make it better." My, there was that saucy squirrel. Land sakes, clear to the tree. It was a wonder they didn't fall!

Thatch handed her an envelope. On it he had sketched a wire doll with a turned-up nose and roguish smile.

"Sure enough, it's as like as can be." But she couldn't keep her mind any more on Thatch. When he handed her the sketch she happened to be thinking of a photograph she always carried with her. It was a family group taken when the girls were little. W. J. was sitting down with Amy on his knee and she stood beside them holding Lily by the hand. Amy had her hand in her father's and her pretty little head pressed against him. And she was laughing up at her mother. She was always laughing and such an affectionate child when she was real little. She loved everybody, but most of all she loved her mother. Later people said, Amy's her papa's girl, isn't she? And she was, afterwards, and as like him as two peas. But when she was real little she was her mother's girl.

My, how she'd come running when she saw me. It's funny how real it seems, as if right now I was turning into the yard looking for the girls playing under the big trees. If Lily was there she wouldn't pay much attention, but Amy! She'd be tearing down the yard and jump right on me, her little arms most squeezed the breath out of me. And all over my lap the minute I sat down with her head curled in my neck. Right now I can almost smell that funny child smell of her skin and feel her hair, so soft and silky. Now she complains it's too fine and maybe it is for these permanents and all, but so silky and sweet when she was a little girl.

In the kitchen Lily had a big knife in her hand and was slicing the white loaf. She cut each slice thick, then crossways in three small pieces.

That's the way Amy likes them. Now she'll toast them soft with lots of butter. Lily makes everything taste good, even suits Amy who's so finicky, like W. J. Not that he flew out much about his food. It was other things. It got so it seemed like anything I said or did drove him crazy, snapping at me for this, snapping at me for that. Most taking my head off. Or else wouldn't speak to me at all.

Her mouth drew down with a little quiver.

I tried hard enough, but there wasn't any pleasing him. It was just awful how ugly he could be and right in front of the children, in front of Amy. And Amy getting to be such a nervous child about that time with tantrums and crying fits. And when he was in a good humor spoiling her so there wasn't any doing anything with her. Got Amy to thinking she was the only one in the family, just a little queen. She got so she acted awful at home, as if she hated her own mother. Of course that couldn't be, but it was the way she acted.

Maybe it would have been better if he'd gone in the beginning. And yet has it been best for Amy not to have a father? She's so much like him. Why it's funny but sometimes it seems as if the way I love Amy is the same way I loved her father. If I dream about them they're as likely as not to be the same person or two in one. Amy's so smart, such a reader, like him. Just like him.

The pain in Mrs. Miller's back got so bad she sat down and began pounding a little. She looked out at the snowy yard trying to put her mind on what was there to see. But she could not stop her thoughts. She wished she could understand Amy better but she couldn't, not any more than she had him. Only loved her. And her love didn't seem to be enough for Amy. She didn't know how to be to her what Amy needed.

Well, she argued, she'd thought of that at the time of the divorce. She'd thought maybe Amy better go with her father *even with a woman like that.* She spoke to Will about it. She said if he wanted Amy all right he could take her: I want to do, she had said to him, what's best for Amy, but I don't know if she ought to go with a woman like that. She'd said this expecting him to take her head off. But he didn't say anything at all at first. Just sat looking sad with that far-away expression in his eyes. He always had that look as if he didn't know what he wanted or how to help himself. Some people took life so hard, she didn't know why. As if they made it hard for themselves on purpose. Of course Amy was his darling, she often used to think he loved Amy better than anybody or anything. But finally he said no, Amy better stay where she was. That, well, that was her one great triumph. But she couldn't forget his face when he

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To the Pure

A STORY

By Kay Boyle

"HULLO," said the Contessa sitting up straight and cool as an April shower behind the table of cups and cake. She waved her hand toward the new young man. "Come over and have a cup of tea," she said.

New is such a beautiful word, thought the Contessa as the young man made his way across the crowded room to her. It is spelled out of the wind's three best directions: north, east, and west. The thought of them was enough to bring the color flying to her cheeks.

But such big hats were the grand people in Rome wearing this season that the Contessa lost the new young man's face for moments at a time behind them. When she found him again he had halted in confusion before the impossible barrier of Mrs. Whatshername's back side.

"Come on!" called the gay young Contessa. "You've almost made it!"

As he came toward her, she could not tell which he was quite. No matter how much she looked at him, up and down, or gave ear to the tenor of his voice, could she tell. The suspicion lay in the way his toes had of treading the carpet, came fluttering through the tide of conversation, bearing the sweet burden of his body to her chair. But every one, everywhere, so ready to make high-handed decisions; he's this, he's that, about the prophets themselves. He looks like a nice enough young man to me, thought the Contessa.

He wore a little gold chain around one wrist, and he shook it delicately as he leaned over her hand.

"You really are," said the new young man, "the most beautiful woman in Italy. Every one told me you were going to be."

The Contessa gave a snort of laughter.

"What do you know about Italy, young man?" she said. "Sit down. If you've never poked around the hills and seen the women washing their clothes clean in the streams, or seen them carrying their pails on their heads with an indolence I'd give my eyes for! Lemon or milk?" said the Contessa.

She saw that he had been educated with the Jesuits, for a scapular showed through his fine silk shirt. As she passed him the platter of sandwiches she put her fingertip on it, her painted nail questioning him like a bloody eye. The young man thrust one hand inside his bosom and drew out the scapular on its ribbon. Not fish nor fowl, thought the Contessa. Merely a little Scotchman dressed up with a scarf around his neck and a locket tapping at his ankle. This was all that set him apart from any poor little clerk you might pass on the streets in Edinburgh. It was the Jesuits, maybe, who had given him a little of something else.

She could picture him standing on the corner of a street with his cane on his hip, looking north, east, and west for a fresh face to revive him. If you walked around the water before noon in any Continental garden you would surely come upon him feeding the swans or the goldfish, throwing out crumbs on the water and reclining back on the savage head of his cane. He would be wearing the same blue jacket and the sandals that revealed his toes. Scarcely a kind word would he have for the swans, or so much as a passing glance for the goldfish, his concern being for the pretty picture he was making against the landscape. The Contessa stopped herself sharply from thinking the worst of him.

"Do tell me what remains of England," she said to him. As if any one could ever tell her what had become of the youth of England, the young blood that used to ride to hounds with her! Not so many years ago at that, thought the Contessa. She bowed to some one across the room and turned to the new young man's answer.

He made a small sour mouth at her, and her eyes flashed over the rim of the cup she held to the sight of her own reflection in the glass. Everything as straight as rain before her: the hair, the

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brows, the nose, the shoulders. Black as a bog her hair combed off her ears, and in the depths of her eyes a wild harp playing. Two years of Italy and of being courteous to strangers had done a thing or two to her face. It had turned the ends of her mouth up sharply in her cheeks, but no amount of bitter talk, of subterfuge, or foreign places could still the wild harp's playing. Something will happen sometime. Something as cool as watercress will be said.

"I don't think I understand," said the new young man. He was going to turn out like every one else. She would have to suggest people across the room to him—"you must meet Mrs. Howdoyoucallher" —cry out for succor. And then the young man said:

"I say, you knew Arthur Shaw, didn't you?"

The Contessa set down her cup in its saucer. He had given her no warning.

"Arthur?" she said in a moment. She looked brightly at the new young man. Every breath of air in the room had been used so many times over that she could no longer draw it in and out.

"It was Arthur who told me to come and see you," said the new young man. He was tapping a cigarette out of his case.

"So many people," she said aloud to him. "I almost perish every time. Before I married, you know, I was accustomed to the open, the hills, horseback." She seized a cigarette wildly from the young man's case. "I can't tell you what a difference. Complete reversal of all my habits, ways, food, air. Ye know, I used often to walk twenty miles a day and never give a thought to it. What about Arthur?" she said aggressively. "What about him?"

"He's in England, of course," said the new young man.

"Yes," said the Contessa. "Of course, in England. In England of all places! Does he ever come out of England? Ha, ha," she laughed. I made a fine fool of myself over Arthur, she was thinking. "Funny for an Irishman, oh, a real south Irishman, to be heart and soul in England. What do ye think of Arthur yourself?" she said. "It was two years ago I saw him last. Just after I was married. 'Contessa this,' he said, and 'Contessa that' as if he were insulting me. We'd always done our hunting and walking together, and here he was acting like a monkey on a stick. He was an Irishman, if ever there was one," said the Contessa with her eyes shining. "I can't think how he can abide England. Does he live there forever?"

"He likes the background," said the new young man.

"The background!" cried out the Contessa in contempt. "An Irishman! How tired Arthur makes one!" she cried. He came pretty near making a fool of himself over me, she was thinking, however he explains it now. Suddenly the color ran up to her eyes. "Is he still as handsome?" she said.

The new young man looked curiously at her.

"Would you call Arthur a really handsome man?" he said in a minute. Bit by bit he was taking her face apart. He was separating the nose from the eyes, thinning out the grim black brows; the bowls of her temples hollowed out by the side of his glance made her feel singularly a sturdy woman. She had to lift her wrist from the table and eye it, survey her outstretched ankle beneath the table to convince herself that she was still as shapely as a hind.

"Oh, yes," she said coolly. Surely she had known Arthur better than this little puppet ever had. She examined her finger-tips. "Without any kind of doubt he was certainly the finest figger of a man I ever saw."

But what in the name of reason might he be like now, after two years of England good and proper? She could see him as he had been, dancing the Spanish fandango, with castanets in his fingers and one of her hats on the side of his head. She could never believe in Ascot any more when she saw his face under it. Everything the brim had stood for, and the yards of lace, had gone under the table with a crash once Arthur had put it on his head.

"I thought he would seem a bit fragile, perhaps," said the new young man. "At least to a woman."

And why to a woman like that, thought the Contessa? A woman, as if it were an object without rhyme or reason, like a giraffe!

"Arthur," she said. She felt the corners of her mouth turning down with the bad taste in it. "I wore him a long time in my *boutonnière*. He smelled so good."

No one had ever withstood her, no one ever. She had letters five trunks deep, but nothing left of Arthur. A bit fragile! After she herself had broken him up like kindling and put him on the logs.

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Nothing left of him but the way they stood at the end of the hall which embraced so many climates. In the far corners of it were blasts of ice and snow, and down you walked toward the roaring chimney at the heart, out of the glacier, the drifts of cold, the frozen world, into the flowering warmth of the hearth and fire. There they had stood sideways, with one shoulder scorched and the other mottled with gooseflesh, as you do at home in Ireland, with glasses drained of whiskey and their hearts beating. Why don't you kiss me, Arthur? she said. Now why did you have to say that? said he. He put his black cape over his shoulders. Now why did ye have to say it? Am I so hideous, she cried, am I such a sight? Would I stop the face of a clock? Would I turn the stomach? No, said Arthur, you wouldn't do any of those things. But you have no understanding of what I am, or you wouldn't ask it of me. You have no understanding of honor. Honor, my eye, she had cried out to him. I've had other men kiss me whether you will or no. Then have them, said Arthur as he went out the door.

"Do you mean to say—" said the new young man. The Contessa came to her senses. She put her cigarette away in the dish.

"I had no idea," he began again. What a shallow little man he was, thought the Contessa in irritation. She saw his face before her; surprised, and thin as water. If ever a thought came through his head, she flattered herself she could have caught it, like a trout, with a bent pin and a passing fancy. Where in the world had a man like Arthur run across him and what speech had they in common?

"I'm only trying to say," said the Contessa impatiently, "that things have been particularly black without him. I never had any principles, and Arthur had them, always in use of course, like the pipes of Pan. Social principles, interests. Everything he touched," she said, "turned to gold." She noticed that the people in the room were thinning out. "And everything I lay my fingers on," she said in irritation, "goes dim."

She looked around the salon, at backs and faces. Something was surely demanded of her somewhere: some one of importance overlooked, the cigarettes run out, her mother-in-law expiring, in the thick of nobles, for a cup of tea.

"The most moral man," she said. "I don't know how well you know him." The room was waltzing, swooning before her eyes. "I'm in such a pocket," said the Contessa bitterly to the young man beside her. Her hand suddenly pressed fiercely on his arm. "If Arthur sent you—particularly, I mean," she said, "for the love of God tell me."

The young man sat still in his chair.

"I'm—I'm so sorry," he said in a moment. The little chain on his wrist was set to ringing like a bell. "I know he admires—he admires your courage."

"My courage!" said the Contessa with a laugh.

"Your courage in facing the same people, the same conversation, every day of your life the same faces——"

"The same tea," went on the Contessa as she lit another cigarette. "I must remember to have orange pekoe to-morrow. Is that all he said?"

The young man looked at the Contessa helplessly.

"I'm in such a pocket," said the Contessa weakly in a moment. She felt her courage slipping from under. "I've been such a fool," she said. "Everything I touch turns black."

"Even a title?" said the new young man.

"My God," said the Contessa. "What can you do to keep things from tarnishing? What can you do?" She ran her tongue over her lips as though they were parched for water. "Is Arthur a happy man?" she said. Her eyes could have cut the truth from his heart. "Tell me how it is," she said to his silence. "Arthur has never married. Sometimes it comes into my head that maybe he himself is grieving."

"I don't think Arthur is interested in marriage," said the new young man in confusion. "I don't think he was ever very much interested in women that way, you know." He played with the little bangle on his arm and looked away from her.

What a Scotchman, thought the Contessa! With his mouth buttoned up tight, not a word of intelligence to dole out to her, hoarding his cheese parings and candle shavings! She could have shaken in her two hands the ignorant common little man who sat by her side. Perhaps he had been up with Arthur at Queen's, and that's all there was to their friendship. Maybe he hadn't seen Arthur for a century, except casually passing him on the street, and Arthur remembering and being decent to the insignificant little squirt who had sat beside him, or before, or behind him in college.

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"How long is it," she said as she blew the smoke out through her nose, "since you've seen Arthur?"

"He came to see me off at the boat the day I left," said the new young man. "He said I was to see if you were still as beautiful as you had always been."

"And what shall you say?" said the Contessa. She looked at him so closely that, for all her beauty, there was nothing gentle left in her face. Why couldn't he speak, what was he keeping back from her? He, with his precious little ways, she knew him for what he was.

"I don't know what you were like before," said the young man, smiling.

"No," said the Contessa. "Well, I am not the same. I was a foolish young woman. One minute I made a fool of myself over Arthur, and the next I wouldn't have him under my roof. You've no idea how it was. He took me home after a dance one night," said the Contessa, "a shindy. We'd known each other for years then, and you may know him well, but he probably never told you that. And every one was away, so he put me to bed like a mother, tucked the covers under my chin, and brushed my hair out on the pillow for half an hour. I had so much punch in me that it was turning cartwheels in my head. What do you think of that?" said the Contessa. "I slept the night with him on the floor beside me. When I woke up in the morning he was lying flat on his back on the rug with his legs crossed smoking and reading poetry."

The Contessa's hand was so agitated that she put it out of sight under the tea-table.

"Now, what do you think of that?" she said with a cry of laughter.

She was at the end of her patience, the extremity, the last fringe of it was disappearing, slowly, like the hem of a skirt up the stair. Dull as a ditch he was, with no flicker of light in him. A frail little chap dressed up like a parrot. What, what in the name of all the saints had Arthur in common with him? There was something in him as stupid and breakable as a doll.

"Do you see Arthur very much, very often?" she said in desperation to him.

"Oh, rather," said the young man. She thought there was something dry and evil in the quality of his skin. "We room together," he said.

The Contessa looked at him at length.

"Oh, you do, do you?" she said in a moment.

She didn't know where it belonged. She couldn't make it fit. Desperate for company poor Arthur must be: black, abandoned, lost forever to love. She could fancy him getting up in the morning, slamming the door on this jackanapes in irritation. Arthur, glowering all the time now, of course, with never an arrow of Irish wit flying. Perhaps the lease will expire soon, thought the Contessa, and Arthur will be rid of him. How he must writhe!

"Love—" she began suddenly. And then she stopped short. She couldn't possibly speak like that before this dandiprat!

"Yes," said the new young man as though he knew very well. He smoothed the side of his hand in conceit over his shining hair.

"When one is as young as a colt," said the Contessa.

"Oh, of course," said the new young man. For a minute she thought he seemed to be accepting an apology from her. "One is pure," he said. "One understands nothing."

"Isn't it funny?" said the Contessa. She was thinking of Arthur's shy honor. Honor, my eye, she used to say to him with her tongue as sharp as God knows what. "I'd know how to manage him to-day," she said grimly.

"Oh, I daresay!" said the new young man. But his tone did not convince her. In spite of the heat of the afternoon, he was pulling on his gloves to go.

COLD WATERS

By Orrick Johns

THE warm streams are where the lovers
in the willows vie with the ripples
to make their faces mobile and welcome to each other;
and where lazy muscles stiffen at a thought
into the acts of life and death . . .

Far, far up are the cold waters.

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The Consumer—Victim of Chaos

By Colston Estey Warne

The battling giants of business create a shambles of distribution costs which saps your buying power and mine. Mr. Warne, associate professor of economics at Amherst, succinct and comprehensive, reveals the plight of business to-day and suggests a way out.

Just last week, I yielded to a long-felt desire to own a radio. Going to the amiable merchants of my town, I heard five brands praised as the best on the market, with exclusive tone quality, with the latest gadgets, and with the lowest prices. I was about to buy. But a friend from a neighboring metropolitan centre intervened. "No one but a fool ever pays the standard prices for articles," he said. "Choose your set and on your next trip to the city I can show you any number of places where you can get it at a 35 per cent discount." So it was that, within two days, I had my radio. But my friend was wrong. The discount was not 35 per cent—it was 40 per cent.

More important, however—and this is the point of my article—I was initiated to a new world of buying. Refrigerators of standard brands (the latest models) were at 45 to 50 per cent discounts, all electrical goods at 30 per cent, cameras at 30 per cent, and vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, and silverware at proportionate reductions. Heaters, vibrators, clocks, typewriters and pool tables were on sale at prices in no case less than 30 per cent below the regular retail level. A cleverly designed toaster which I had long wished was offered, not at $12.50, the regular price, but at $8.74.

But the savings were not alone in electrical devices. One might choose an automobile, latest model, and have it roll up to his door at a discount of between 10 and 20 per cent. Textiles, razors, furniture, sporting goods, tires and tubes—indeed, the whole gamut of articles which one purchases were available at substantial reductions.

This remarkable growth of a new cut-price market interested me. Its origin was soon to be found. Leading manufacturing establishments, wholesalers, and, in fact, a large share of American business institutions have, for a period of years, been attempting in many ways to assist their employees—or at least an "inner circle" of salaried workers—to evade the high marketing costs and price fixation which they themselves have as selling concerns attempted to set up. In one company which I had occasion to visit, any employee could, upon identification, leave his order with a company store which would procure the desired article at discounts comparable to those indicated above. The purchasing officer of the corporation, knowing the trade connections, was able to buy goods from jobbers who winked at the evasion of the retail channel, partly because of a fear of alienating the business of the corporation and partly through a desire to do a little extra business which would not be detected by the displaced retailer.

Gradually this "bootleg" purchasing (as it came to be known) has spread. Independent stores have been created, operated on side streets by enterprising retailers who have managed, often unethically, to obtain goods from agencies which were bound possibly by contract to charge the full resale price but which, desirous of keeping up sales quotas, were willing to dump excess stocks into this new marketing channel, knowing full well that their own retail market would be little affected by the arrangement. In a large city, it would be unlikely that potential purchasers from any particular store would be absorbed by the new unorthodox outlet.

II

The foregoing brief description of "bootlegging" of merchandise is not intended as a general inducement to consumers to seek out this channel. Its limitations are obvious. Servicing of articles is negligible. One receives his purchases with only the guaranty of the manufacturer upon which to rely.

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Caveat emptor is the rule. One has to know the article he wants and to pay cash for it. There is present none of the security which flows from the purchase from a neighborhood retailer who follows with some interest the products which he recommends in the hope of securing and maintaining the confidence of his clientele.

The real significance of the development is elsewhere. Through this channel we learn—many of us for the first time—of the large portion of the consumer's dollar which is taken up by the process of distribution. Without, for the moment, passing judgment on their justification, let us glance at some of the margins prevalent in familiar lines of trade. These estimates, which are conservative, show the percentages which retailers add to the prices at which they buy certain familiar commodities:

Gasoline—87 per cent (1925); 312 per cent (May, 1931).
Radios—60 per cent.
Furniture—60 per cent for cash sales (90 per cent for time sales).
Department stores—average a 50 per cent markup for all goods.
Jewelry stores—67 per cent (upward).
Men's shoes—40 per cent.
Oranges—37 per cent.

The above-mentioned fields are only suggestive of the general trend. In not a few cases, almost as much is added to the price in the final handling as appears in the cost up to that point. Possibly a return to the radio illustration will clarify even more the extensive margins which are added in retail channels. J. J. Kehoe, writing in the September, 1931, *Journal of Electrical Workers and Operators,* estimates the cost of placing a $200 radio set on the market. The figures follow:

The materials in the set cost	$58.65
To this is added the labor cost of	16.35
And the manufacturer's gross of	45.00
Making a total factory cost of	$120.00
A selling cost of	80.00
(an addition of 66 2/3 per cent to the above total) brings the sales price to	$200.00

With a margin such as this, it is little wonder that consumers are seeking devious ways of circumventing the retail channels. And, parenthetically, it is equally clear why industrial workers so bitterly resist wage cuts, appreciating that 10 per cent wage cuts on a relatively small labor cost are not apt to be reflected in a proportionate reduction in the selling prices.

III

Thus far, the argument would appear to indicate that retail margins are excessive, that retailers have, in some manner, conspired to absorb more than their share of product prices. This, however, is not the whole truth. For the retailer as well as the consumer has been the victim of an economic situation which has made it truly accurate to term our marketing system the "bottle neck" of modern industry. To be sure, our immediate stoppage appears to lie in our marketing system. When factories have shown themselves capable of producing double the present output technology cannot be held at fault. The clogging of the markets through which goods pass from producer to consumer, however, leads often to the detriment of the retailer himself. The case is not one of the cupidity of manufacturers or any other group. It is that the consumer and the producer have been the victims of an unorganized business system.

Perhaps the fact of the congestion will be clearer if we turn to look for a moment at the extent of the unsatisfied consumption demands of the American people. With unused industrial capacities mounting high we strangely find that a majority of American families have not as yet been introduced to many basic twentieth-century conveniences. One-fifth are without kitchen sinks; one-third are without bathtubs; electric lights have not reached some 39 per cent; telephones have been placed in but two-fifths of the homes; even the inspiring novelty of the automobile, coupled with the low second-hand price of obsolete models, has failed to attract one-third of our families. High-pressure salesmen have succeeded in locating vacuum cleaners in only one-third of the households. In most fields there exists room for substantial market expansion. Yet somehow with the conveniences of life incompletely distributed to American homes, industry stagnates through the failure of marketing. It is as if a nation undertook purposely to starve in the midst of plenty.

IV

The indictment of marketing contains, then, two counts. First, that such goods as are sold have found the consumer only at high cost and, second, that in some way the products of our factories are not sold in sufficient quantities to keep the wheels

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of industry turning. To the first of these indictments the retailer has a ready answer. He convincingly shows that his field is one which operates on an exceedingly narrow margin of net profit. In fact, he often operates at a loss. Manufacturers have opened retail branches. Chain stores have expanded. Mail-order houses have formed new outlets. Never has the competitive situation been more severe.

This view is confirmed by recent investigations. In Buffalo, for example, a city "fairly typical of a large number of urban centres," a study by Doctor E. D. McGarry revealed that in 1927, a representative year, withdrawals from business included 34 per cent of the grocery stores, 19 per cent of the drug stores, 13 per cent of the hardware stores and 23 per cent of the shoe stores. "Many of the retail grocery stores," stated Doctor McGarry, "are still as they always have been—halfway stations to the poorhouse." For department stores the situation is quite similar. The Harvard cost studies have shown that 251 reporting enterprises with sales of less than $1,000,000 averaged a net loss of 2.1 per cent. The 162 stores with the net sales all over $1,000,000 earned but 1.5 per cent on sales. Even the more successful grocery chains have to be content with a net profit margin of 2 per cent on sales.

If, then, retailers have not as a rule gleaned excessive profits, how can one explain the extraordinary spread between the price which you as a consumer pay for, say, a piece of furniture and the price which it costs at the door of the factory? Or the margin in the selling of automobile tires or shoes?

The answer lies in the chaos of modern marketing. (1) Several stores have grown where one is needed. Each store carries its heavy overhead of salaries, rent, advertising, and equipment. Clerks who stand about waiting for customers, handling duplicate stocks, giving personal attention to the whims of the consumer, must be included in the store's costs. The maintenance of many elaborate business places entails high light, heat, power, taxes, insurance, and depreciation costs. A study by the Harvard Bureau of Economic Research reveals, for instance, that in stationery shops 18.7 per cent of the sales were absorbed by salaries and wages and 7.5 per cent for general expenses. With advertising and delivery charges added to these, the consumer finds that in total his burden is out of proportion to the service rendered. In a United States Department of Commerce survey of one chain system it was found that clerks were unoccupied 33 per cent of the time and that an additional 17 per cent was absorbed in the care of stock. Moreover, many retail employers are not engaged in direct selling—an overhead expense which must, however, come into the total. In department stores, those so engaged average between 50 and 60 per cent of the total force. Little wonder that the cost is high.

(2) Elaborate servicing is the second explanation of our dilemma of high retail costs and low profits. The present-day consumer has his whims. These have been exaggerated in the struggle of retailers for markets. Costly competitive activities have grown up, often including lectures on cooking or sewing, free garaging, noon concerts and travel bureaus. To sell simple articles, demonstrations have to be arranged, goods have to be sent on trial, and much time must be spent shopping around. High-pressure salesmanship, "that pestiferous misapplication of bouncing energy" as some one has called it, has its reaction in merchandise returns. A Michigan Business Study by C. N. Malts indicates that 12 per cent of the sales of reporting department stores in that area were returned in the year 1928. The Bureau of Business Research of Ohio State University estimates the average cost of handling a returned item as between 35 and 58 cents.

(3) Instalment purchases have acquired a recent vogue. In fact "dignified credit plans" have now been introduced in 95 per cent of the department stores of a representative State (Ohio). More than two-thirds of the furniture is sold on that plan. Radios, pearls, washing machines, or pants may now be bought on "easy payments." Such a system brings inevitably a high cost in interest on the investment, investigation and bookkeeping costs, paid for by the consumer at not less than 15 per cent and often as high as 30–50 per cent.

(4) Competitive advertising has also loomed large in the retailing cost budget. In one district S. R. Hall, an advertising authority, found 57 brands of coffee, 47 of baking powder, 42 of tea, 42 of toilet soaps, 27 of stove polish and 16 of flour offered for sale. To each of these brands the familiar appeals are offered—to appetite, to success, to beauty, to health, or possibly, to the consciousness of fear. In the price of the article one pays tribute to the battle of shop against shop, article against article, and industry against industry. It is, indeed, not too much to say that all combatants

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shift to the consumer the greater share of the billion-dollar annual charge imposed upon industry by the advertising fraternity.

Altogether it is not through individual greed but through lack of planning that marketing has failed. The consumer is forced to pay not only for his own indiscretions but for duplication and for the antics associated with the distributive processes. Only when the weight of the depression opens a wide fissure in the distributive structure do we have the long-sought opportunity of peering in to discover its magnitude.

V

We have not, however, yet probed deeply enough. We have not explained the causes of this extraordinary duplication of facilities. We have not explained why retailing has proven to be the point of our economic stoppage. Here we must enter somewhat theoretical ground. Surely the 15 per cent of the gainful workers of America who entered the field of trade did so in the effort to gain a livelihood. And under the familiar law of the economists an automatic check is supposed to prevent the overcrowding of an occupation. If, for example, there exist too many grocery stores or shoe shops the expectation is that bankruptcies will provide healthy funerals for the excess. Unfortunately the case is otherwise. As Doctor McGarry remarks concerning the Buffalo grocery situation, "Competition, such as there is, does not eliminate the unfit, at least with any rapidity." The struggle for profit, for independence, for easier work, for an opportunity to invest savings, for a higher position in the social scale, has deluged our retail fields. As this is continued, the effect has been the thinning out of the business of each dealer. With 10 gasoline stations per mile of road the individual retailer must count on half as many automobiles stopping at his door as would stop, were only 5 to be in operation. Thus each proprietor must fix as his margin an amount sufficient to carry the added overhead. The tendency is for retailers to recognize the ever-mounting costs of doing business and to pass on to the consumer, as far as possible, this additional increment. Again, where Mrs. Jones reserves a right to purchase a dress, take it home for inspection (and possibly for wear) and then return it, the cost mounts in the budget of all retailers and soon becomes a necessary charge. Indeed, in a certain sense it appears that the great productive gains of modern industry, gains achieved by the further application of science to mechanical processes, have been to a substantial degree offset by corresponding losses in retail efficiency. While the fabrication of radio sets has been reduced to a cost level which should guarantee a wide market, retailing has by its sheer lack of organization prevented such benefits from fully accruing.

VI

But beneath this amazing phenomenon of unorganized retailing lurks a more complete explanation. Consumer purchasing power has failed to keep pace with the capacity of factories to produce. Manifestly if in a given year all persons, rich and poor, were to spend practically all of their incomes in purchasing the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life, leaving little or nothing for savings, an amazing upswing of retail sales would immediately result. Dividends paid to stockholders would flow, not into new securities issues, but into retail markets. Likewise, workers and farmers would buy consumption goods to the limit of their purchasing power.

Such a hypothetical situation brings into focus one of the more important causes of industrial stagnation. Clearly if buying of consumer goods were to reach new high levels wholesale stocks would soon be exhausted and impetus would be given to manufacturing. Greater employment would soon result (save in equipment industries where, by assumption, the output could only take care of the replacement needs of industry; no new savings being forthcoming). The ultimate effect would undoubtedly be social stagnation in that the absence of savings would make impossible an advance of production levels. It would mean that, using our present equipment to its fullest extent, there would be no room for new industries or for the expansion of old ones.

A moment's consideration of the other extreme brings one directly to the centre of our present dilemma. Assume that all Americans were to emulate the proverbial Scot—that is, to forego all unessential purchases. Were such a course to be followed, savings would rapidly advance and the buying of automobiles, washers, vacuum cleaners, and ping-pong sets—indeed, all of consumers' goods—would be largely curtailed. Thrift would be the watchword.

The result? Inevitably high-pressure salesmen

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would argue in vain. Easy payments would fail to attract. Sales would slump. Factories would close. Unemployed workers would walk the streets. And, with the flood of savings, interest rates would sag and capital would beg in vain for employment. Industrialists would soon realize that larger plants and augmented equipment would result only in larger quantities of unsold goods.

Between these two extreme assumptions an ideal ratio between savings and purchasing exists. If the rate of savings is not excessive, factories will expand their operations only at a speed which the market can absorb. This ideal condition lies somewhere between the extreme of having over-capacity in plant equipment and the other extreme of starving industry by over-stressing the buying of goods on the market. Whether or not the ideal ratio is approached by the actual now depends upon the caprice of income holders who, seeking their own interests, have the right to determine whether their money shall go to enlarge a steel plant, to finance a farmer, to buy an auto or to obtain a radio. The choice rests with the individual.

It is here that we come to the heart of the question. Much of our economic distress results from the lack of purchasing power in consumption channels which is the concomitant of industrial over-expansion. Relying upon an unorganized business world instead of upon intelligent and co-ordinated planning, such a portion of national income has been diverted into the augmenting of factory capacities that even the loudest shouting of our super-salesmen cannot clear the markets.

VII

Confronted as we are with "the dilemma of thrift," our pressing problem has become that of fashioning social controls which will supplement those automatic forces which have so signally failed in balancing output and consumption. No longer can we rely wholly upon the god of free competition to weed out unnecessary factories and over-expanded outlets. To be sure corporate integration has in a number of fields made strides in that direction. But, in the main, marketing has remained out of control—planless and unorganized. In the giant battle of manufacturers' branches, mail-order houses, department stores, chain stores, specialty shops, independent retailers and door-to-door canvassers, the confused consumer can only discern that the cost of chaotic distribution is borne by him.

If production is to be increased and if the organization of distribution is to keep pace with that increase, economic planning toward a more balanced system must appear. Such planning must co-ordinate our manpower, our natural resources, and our mechanical equipment. It must involve the careful calculation of the investment needs of each industry. But, most important, it must provide definitely for the advance of mass consumption to a level sufficient to absorb the fruits of an improving technology. Industry cannot long expand if the demand for finished products fails to keep step.

Instalment purchases cannot be relied upon as the solution of the consumption problem. For, from the economist's point of view, instalment buying is but a channel by which those with substantial incomes exchange present purchasing power for mortgages upon the future earnings of the less affluent. A more real basis for mass consumption is through the more equitable distribution of wealth and income and the rise of real wages.

Estimates of Doctor W. I. King place the poorest half of the property owners of America in possession of approximately 4 per cent of the wealth and 19 per cent of the national income. Half the wealth remains in the possession of the richest 10 per cent of property owners. "Half of the income of the country was received by the most prosperous 22 per cent of the recipients." This situation, an intelligent public opinion will not long tolerate. It is patent that the purchasing power of the lower income groups is drastically curtailed while the well-to-do cannot hope even by the most lavish expenditures to make serious inroads upon their usual incomes. Almost inevitably they reinvest a substantial portion of their earnings or (as is often the case) reinvestment automatically occurs through corporate savings. The situation is, in a word, that the rich do not clear the consumption markets and the poor cannot.

The framing of a balanced economic structure which will solve these complex problems of production and distribution is for the first time receiving serious consideration in America. We must look in the direction of economic planning and of greater equality in income if we are to avoid the incessant and costly struggles for prospective purchasers, the insane sales and advertising practices which have become engrafted on trade, and the excessive margins which have made the consumer the victim of business chaos.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs to-day

Is Civilization Driving Us Crazy?

By R. L. Duffus

"Certainly it is," replied my friend the psychiatrist, almost before the question was out of my mouth. "Certainly it is. We're getting crazier every year."

"But not all of us," I protested. "You don't seem crazy. I'm not crazy. At least I don't think I am."

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "You and I may have muddled along after a fashion. So have most other people. But crazy is an inexact word, anyway, and loaded down with a lot of superstitious notions that ought to have been thrown away long ago. The truth is that we are living in a world that is hard to adjust to. Some of us have more trouble in adjusting than others. Those that have the hardest time are popularly described as crazy. But there are multitudes of others on the border line, and additional multitudes who use up so much energy fighting their environment that they don't have enough left to enjoy life as they should. Look at the statistics. Then multiply them a few times to give yourself an idea of the number of people who are more or less handicapped by their inability to adjust themselves to what we call civilization."

I took his advice and looked up the statistics. Statistics about insanity are plentiful but tricky. The game is to find out what part of those who are actually insane are labelled insane. If we take the federal census figures since 1850 we get some pretty startling results:

Year	*Number of insane enumerated per* 100,000 *of population*	
1850	67.3	
1860	76.5	
1870	97.1	
1880	183.3	
1890	170.0	
1904	183.6	
1910	204.2	
1920	220.1	
1923	241.8	
1926	254.0	(estimated)
1928	260.0	(estimated)

The last two figures are estimated from a federal count of the patients in State hospitals, constituting about 85 per cent of those in all hospitals for the insane. The other figures are not strictly comparable, because sometimes the Census Bureau counted or calculated insane persons outside of hospitals and sometimes it didn't. How numerous those persons are nobody knows. In 1880 there were 40,942 in institutions and 51,017 outside. In 1890 there were 74,028 inside and 32,547 outside. There are now more than 300,000 in hospitals and the number outside has been estimated as high as half that sum. The authors of a report published in 1930 by the Census Bureau believe that "the hospital statistics probably cover most of the severe cases of mental disease, but fail to cover many cases of milder type." As more hospitals are opened or enlarged the hospital rate naturally goes up. But why are hospitals for mental patients erected? Obviously because there are patients to put in them.

Let us take a single State—the highly civilized State of New York. What we may call the freshman class in all institutions for the insane in New York during a twenty-year period has rolled up the following record:

Year	*Admissions per* 100,000 *population*
1910	65.3
1915	69.2
1917	73.9
1920	69.8
1925	71.2
1930	76.6

Observe that these statistics are not comparable with those in the preceding table. They show only the admissions, not the total number of patients. They mean that in 1910 any previously sane New Yorker stood about one chance in 1,500 of being committed to a mental hospital during the next twelve months. By 1930 the odds were only 1,300 to one that he would remain sane for a year. And, according to a study made in 1929 by Horatio M. Pollock and Benjamin Malzberg of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, the odds against his becoming a patient in a mental institution at some time during his life are only about 21 to one.

Who goes insane? On the face of the record, men slightly more than women: out of 1,000 boy babies 47 will go to an institution at some time in their lives; out of the same number of girl babies only 44. Foreigners rather more than natives: 43 native-born males and 40 native-born females out of each 1,000 will break down mentally in the course of a lifetime, whereas the same misfortune will happen to 54 foreign-born males and 52 foreign-born females out of each 1,000. This is New York State's experience. Former inhabitants of Austria, Ireland, Finland, Germany and Switzerland more than other foreigners. Residents of large cities more than residents of small cities, and residents of small cities more than country people: the special federal census of 1923 showed a rate of first admissions, in cities of 100,000 or over, of 92.5 per 100,000; in cities of from 2,500 to 10,000 54.8 per 100,000; in the rural districts 41.1 per 100,000. City women were committed to mental hospitals twice as often as country women. Some psychologists say these statistics are misleading. Doctor A. A. Brill, for example, will tell you that there are "no more neurotics in the city than in the country," relatively speaking. Even among psychiatrists the opinion on this point seems to be influenced by the individual doctor's own attitude toward cities. And our statistics deal with severe cases. We have little statistical data about neurotics.

What are the causes of insanity, as revealed in recorded diagnoses? Let us turn to the 1930 report of the New York State Bureau of Mental Hygiene and contrast the seven main groups for the years 1912 and 1930:

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Psychoses of first admissions	*Per cent of admissions*	
	1912	1930
Senile	11.6	8.8
Cerebral arterio-sclerosis	2.9	14.3
General paralysis	13.3	10.3
Alcoholic psychoses	10.8	6.0
Drug psychoses	0.46	0.33
Manic-depressive psychoses	7.7	12.8
Dementia praecox	19.8	26.2

Note that in 1912 dementia praecox led the list, with general paralysis second, senility third and alcohol fourth, with manic-depression a poor fifth. In 1930 dementia praecox had increased its lead, but cerebral arterio-sclerosis had jumped from sixth to second place, and manic-depression from fifth to third. As to alcoholic psychoses a recent study shows that between 1926 and 1930 they regained quite a lot of the ground they had lost. But why should 198 out of every 1,000 insane admitted to New York institutions in 1912 suffer from dementia praecox and 262 in 1930? Why should only 29 break down mentally because of arterio-sclerosis in 1912 and 143 in 1930? Why should the manic-depressive psychoses take a toll of 77 in 1912 and of 128 in 1930?

In looking about for an answer we find that insanity is divided into two general species—that which is always accompanied by physical changes in the brain and that which is not. It has not yet been conclusively demonstrated that either dementia praecox or manic-depressive insanity is caused or accompanied by physical changes in the brain.

The increase in dementia praecox affords good ground for laying at least some of the blame on the environment. Manic-depressive insanity is believed to attack certain types more than others and to have a hereditary basis. But it usually seems to be some influence in the environment which pulls the trigger.

Arterio-sclerosis is a result of a physical degeneration of the blood vessels. When it affects the blood vessels of the brain it may produce insanity. But there is good reason to believe that the disease itself is in some way connected with the strain and stress of modern life. So we have, in the three causes of insanity which have increased most between 1912 and 1930, as well as in some of the other causes, damaging evidence against the civilized environment. Life has become harder for people who are susceptible to those three diseases, and to mental disease in general. Evidently there are disturbing new things in our civilization. What are they? Well, first there are the tangible and visible—and I may add audible—things which we lump under the general head of machinery, since they either are machines or the offspring of machines. We live in machine-made houses which are in themselves machines—or so the newer school of architects say. We depend on machines for light, heat, entertainment, transportation. We talk into one machine and that and other kinds of machines talk right back at us. A machine is a labor-saving device. It gives us more for less effort. Why should that drive us crazy?

If it does, the answer is not in the machine itself, but in the things the machine enables or compels us to do and experience. It is not merely a set of new metal contraptions, that we have to reckon with, but a new and increasingly complex social system, due largely to those contraptions. Now, any kind of social system is a strain. No one, in his senses or out of them, wholeheartedly and continually likes any social system. For example, Doctor Freud tells us: "Present-day civilization gives us plainly to understand that sexual relations are permitted only on the basis of a final, indissoluble bond between a man and woman; that sexuality as a source of enjoyment for its own sake is unacceptable to it; and that its intention is to tolerate it only as the hitherto irreplaceable means of multiplying the human race."

The sex illustration comes home to most of us, since most of us have sexual appetites and most of us, whether we admit it or not, often wish to, and sometimes do, gratify those appetites in quarters not endorsed by church and state. The moral code is perhaps no better enforced than the eighteenth amendment. But it exists and it has subtle as well as overt ways of punishing the many who violate it. But civilization also frustrates our instincts in other ways. It makes us work when we don't want to, and won't let us work when we do want to. It surrounds us with regulations and by-laws. It sets up traffic lights along highways which our ancestors used to travel gaily and unhindered. The rules are continually being changed, continually growing more complicated, and the difficulty of adjusting ourselves to them is constantly increasing. Let no one be sure that he walks the world unscathed. Does he suffer from gastro-intestinal trouble? It has been said that one-third of such ailments have psychological causes. Has he any other physical afflictions. It has been asserted that "from 40 to 60 per cent of the ailments for which physicians are consulted are essentially mental in character."

Fortunately, the cloud does not lack for a silver lining. Insanity is no longer the black mystery it used to be. Mental disease is being regarded more and more like other kinds of disease; and nobody who knows anything about the subject thinks insanity any more disgraceful than dyspepsia. Cases of insanity which were considered hopeless a few years ago—and were, indeed, hopeless under the kind of treatment then given the insane—are now cured. Clifford Beers, once himself an inmate of mental hospitals, has magnificently preached the gospel of mental health to thousands in his "A Mind that Found Itself," and through the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, of New York City, organized as the result of his efforts. Advice to those who feel themselves mentally shaky is increasingly available in colleges, factories, commercial organizations and in public clinics. No diagnostician worth his fee now considers a patient's mental condition apart from his physical or his physical apart from his mental.

The prevention of mental disease is assuming new importance and new promise. "We have definite evidence," Doctor Pollock testifies, "that in many incipient cases of mental disease frank psychoses have been avoided; children with serious behavior disorders have been adjusted; industrial misfits have been transformed into successful workers; the possibility of preventing many organic diseases has been demonstrated; and a great multitude of persons are living happier and more efficient lives because of mental hygiene."

Probably the conflict between the individual and civilization can never be entirely wiped out. It can be mitigated

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by improving civilization. If by education we can promote sanity in the race perhaps that sanity will promote a better type of human society. Who shall say that the World War and the Great Depression were not merely causes of mental disease but in part results of it? And who shall say that the essential sanity of the race—that normality which has for thousands of years enabled us to eat and to sleep and to love and to procreate and to die in peace—will not in time assert itself and trample under foot, along with more personal manias, the evil psychoses of war and want?

WILL THIS SUMMER BE HOTTER? *By W. Maxwell Reed*

WHAT will the summer be like? Will the heat which has been gradually increasing during the past five years grow worse? Is the United States becoming more tropical?

Our ancestors thought that our climate never had changed and never would. There was to them something constant and eternal about the earth. Now we know that there is nothing in the universe which seems to be eternal or even constant. Climate is no exception, although just why it should change is not thoroughly understood. Mighty forces of the universe seem to be acting in chaotic manner all around us, and it is perhaps surprising that climate is as constant as it is.

We cannot predict the kind of weather but we can say with reasonable assurance that if a certain trend continues, certain things will happen. The movement of the polar front can destroy civilizations and cause millions of deaths, and it can also give new civilizations and new energy.

To get an idea of how bad the weather can be, let us go back to the last glacial epoch. About 150,000 years ago, for an unknown reason, the sun gave the earth less heat than usual. The cold air of the arctic circle crept south for thousands of years. The region of perpetual ice came south over approximately all the land north of New York harbor, the Ohio River, and the Missouri River. In some places the ice was a mile thick. Then about 40,000 years ago the earth began to receive a little more heat. The cold air of the north pole slowly crept back to the arctic circle and the warm air of the tropics began to melt the great glacier. Now geologists say the retreat of the glacier is about three quarters finished. When we are entirely out of the Ice Age, Greenland, where the ice is now two miles thick, will be a thickly wooded country.

If we had been waiting for navigation on the Hudson to open, we should have been disappointed many times, for warm weather did not come at a uniform rate. The old glacier fought many a rear-guard action with the advancing warmer air. Sometimes the glacier actually advanced south and reoccupied some of its lost territory. Such changes of climate must have seriously disturbed the ancient man. If he had been educated in geology he would have believed another great glaciation was coming. On the contrary the glacier with much halting and hesitation continued to retreat. The pulsations in climate grew less violent. Yet they were extensive enough, we think, to cause the migrations of animals. Since man was largely a meat-eating animal in those days, he naturally followed his favorite herds. For this and perhaps for many other reasons, successive migrations of early man entered Europe.

For the last thousand years or so these pulsations have been fairly mild. Some people, however, did not think the fourteenth century very mild. During much of the time from about 1300 to approximately 1400 the polar cold moved south a bit. That meant that the stormy weather which is usually confined for the most part to the British Isles and the North Sea moved south also.

It is the conflict between the warm air of the south coming in contact with the cold air from the pole which causes the eddies in the atmosphere which we call storms. At least this is the opinion held by many, although the cause of storms is not thoroughly understood. This ill-defined line of conflict is known as the polar front. So when the polar front goes south, because the earth is a little cooler, the storms go south also, and vice versa.

During this terrible fourteenth century Britain, northern Europe and the Scandinavian countries suffered intensely. Several times during this century the Baltic was frozen and these northern countries suffered from famines and floods. Several of the worst famines in English history occurred during this period. On the other hand, Italy, which for several hundred years had been too hot and sunny, got the fringe of the stormy weather and therefore had a more bracing climate than usual, according to Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University. It was the beginning of the Italian Renaissance.

In India the condition for a part of this century was tragic. When the centre of Asia becomes hot, the cool air from the ocean flows in and displaces the hot air. This cool air is laden with moisture which is squeezed out as it passes over India. These heavy rains are called monsoons and they cause the dense vegetation. But when the centre of Asia is cold because the earth is cooler than usual, then very little cool air flows in from the ocean. India doesn't get its usual rain and if this state of things lasts for a number of years, famine conditions prevail. Near the middle of the fourteenth century, India suffered the worst famine in her history. Half of her population, or nearly 20,000,000, died during a twelve-year famine. During this period, apparently, southern Russia, like Italy, had plenty of rain and therefore ample food.

In 1920 and 1921, conditions were reversed. The zone of storms travelled north because most of the earth was a little hotter than usual. The plains of southern Siberia and Russia were parched and Russia suffered its worst modern famine. Seven million were said to have died of starvation notwithstanding the large amount of food sent by the Americans.

If we go further back in history, we come to another great pulsation in cli-

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mate. For several hundred years from 350 A.D., the storm tracks apparently went north, for most historians agree that the nomads living in southern Russia and on the plains around the Caspian Sea migrated because their pastures were drying up. About that time the nomads around the Caspian Sea invaded and conquered the East Goths. If the Romans heard of this conflict they probably paid little attention to it. To a Roman it was merely a conflict between two semi-barbarous tribes. Yet that conflict marked the beginning of a new era and the ultimate fall of Rome.

Approximately 2,000 years earlier that same great stretch of inland plains became dry for a considerable period. Perhaps for several hundred years famine conditions prevailed much as they did for a brief time in 1921. In the course of a few centuries the tribes living on these Russian plains moved to the shores of the Mediterranean and became Greeks and Romans; but before building their own civilizations they almost completely destroyed many of the Neolithic civilizations which had been slowly developed through thousands of years. They destroyed the Cretan, Hittite and Etruscan cities so thoroughly that they didn't even take the trouble to learn the writing of these highly civilized peoples; so that to-day we cannot read their inscriptions. These early Greeks and Romans were as ruthless as the Spaniards who burned the books of the Mayas and Aztecs.

It was like the change from the Age of Reptiles to the Age of Mammals. Climatic conditions caused the death of the magnificent giant reptiles which had been slowly developed during the previous couple of hundred million years. The weather, perhaps urged on by a wisp of cosmic cloud, utterly destroyed these glorious specimens which life on the earth had evolved. Smaller but much more lively animals appeared where once the monarchs of the reptile world had reigned supreme. Then life struggled for 50,000,000 years before it developed another group of magnificent animals, such as the horse, the sabre-toothed tiger, and man. Fortunately, after the Indo-European "life quake," which brought us the Greeks and Romans, civilization rose again in hundreds instead of millions of years.

There is evidence that the present hot period is by no means confined to the United States. For a couple of years southern Russia and Siberia have been increasingly warm. As in many parts of the United States there has been less rainfall than usual upon the great plains around the Black and Caspian Seas, where the food for many millions of people is raised. Last summer Russia advertised extensively that she intended to export large quantities of grain. As a matter of fact she exported scarcely any and the little which did reach Europe was said to be below standard in quality.

If the earth always spent several years in gradually becoming warmer and then several years in equally gradually becoming cooler, we could predict with fair accuracy whether or not next summer would be hotter than last summer. Unfortunately the problem is not so simple. These periods of heat are not always symmetrical. The weather will sometimes change in two years from below the average in temperature to far above. So if we talk about the weather for next summer or winter, we must make certain assumptions. Let us first assume that the present heat period will prove to be symmetrical. That is, it will decrease in the next five or six years as steadily as it has increased. Also let us assume that January, 1932, was the maximum of the hot period. Then it follows that next summer will be symmetrical with last summer; they will each be about the same distance in time from the maximum. This would mean that we would have another hot summer, but no hotter than last summer. Under such circumstances, it would seem safe to predict that Russia would continue to keep all her wheat for home consumption. Russia might even suffer from lack of enough food. Perhaps China and the lower Mississippi Valley would again be devastated with floods.

But—perhaps we have not reached the maximum of this hot period. It is entirely possible that the maximum may come next year. In that case, next summer will be nearer the maximum than last summer was and therefore hotter than last summer. If such an assumption proves to be true, the result may be disastrous. Such a decided movement of the zone of storms toward the north would leave southern Russia and the great plains around the Caspian Sea in as parched a condition as they were in 1921. In the midst of a terrible famine it is difficult to see how the present Russian government could endure; for famines have an unpleasant way of causing revolutions. Some of the bordering European nations might easily become involved in such wide-spread disorder.

There is a third possibility concerning the weather—a volcano may blow off its top. This seems as far removed from the temperature of next summer as the destruction of Troy by the Greeks. Yet in reality the volcanic eruptions which have recently taken place in the southern Andes may make next summer cooler than normal and next winter actually cold.

On many occasions in the past, volcanoes have become so choked with lava and explosive gases that they have blown off their tops. Sometimes a cubic mile of finely pulverized dust is blown high above the clouds. Since there is no fog or rain up there, only gravity can pull it down. It usually takes a little over a year for gravity to accomplish this. When the dust reaches the clouds on its passage down, it is washed to the surface of the earth. In the meantime a certain amount of the blue and violet rays of sunlight has been dispersed by this volcanic dust which gives us a little less sunlight than usual. It also gives us brilliantly red sunsets. The cold year of 1816, known in America as "The Year Without a Summer," was caused by several volcanic explosions. The explosion of Krakatoa gave us the cold winter of 1884. We don't know yet whether the Andes eruptions will give us this welcome coolness. So far no record has come north that any one of the volcanoes actually blew off its top. If one did do this, then our observatories will see a faint reddish-brown halo around the sun this summer.

Even if the volcanoes all hold their tops, the coming twelve months may be cool for no reason which we know anything about; so curious and little understood are the changes in the weather. Although we know very little about the causes of these changes in climate, we

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know enough to realize that we are living amid giant forces—some are explosive, some in long periods of time produce intense heat or fearful cold. No other earthly force can so mold civilization as a change in climate. Neither another World War nor another "Black Death" can so change the course of human events as a variation in climate which lasts through several generations.

For commercial reasons more research should be made upon this important subject. Hundreds of millions of capital are involved in the answer to the question:—Will next winter be severe or mild?

They may be cosmic and not terrestrial forces which change our climate. In either case the study is fascinating; involving as it does not only the history of the past but the welfare of the future.

OUR FRIENDS, THE FRENCH

NOW WE LOVE THEM, NOW WE DON'T

By Henry T. Moore

FACING the White House on Pennsylvania Avenue stands a statue of Rochambeau, adorned by these words of Washington, dated February 1, 1784: "We have been contemporaries and fellow-laborers in the cause of liberty, and we have lived together as brothers should do in harmony and friendship."

This memorial, together with its companion statue of Lafayette, almost at the front gate of the Executive grounds, stands as a perpetual reminder of the steadfast intention of our early republic to see eye to eye with France.

It is significant, however, that the very name of Washington had, thirty years prior to this, been wholly detestable to the French as the result of an attack in 1754, when, at the head of English troops, he had brought about the death of the French diplomat Jumonville. It is noticeable also that within a decade after this statement he was again to arouse the bitter hostility of revolutionary France when the consummation of the Jay treaty won for him the accusation of being the slave of England. Thereafter his reputation in France again rose rapidly, and the excesses of Napoleon brought the French mind to a new appreciation of the young American republic and of Washington as its citizen without reproach. For a century after Napoleon's fall the fortunes of France and America were of relatively little concern to each other, and then came the alliance of the World War in 1918 with the emergence of France into peculiar favor in the United States and the temporary glorification by the French of America and of Wilson, her national hero of the hour.

The sacred glow of emotion with which these two friendly republics had vowed to make the world safe for democracy was dissipated soon after the separation of Versailles. Bickering over inter-allied debts and the failure of the United States to help secure France, either by pact or by membership in the League, opened a new chapter in which Franco-American sentiment, always alternating from hot to cold, was to blow colder than ever before. Four years after the signing of the Armistice I happened on an incident in a Paris moving-picture show which might at first sight seem trivial, but which gave me a decidedly unpleasant shock and much cause for reflection. It was at a representation of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and in the midst of the harrowing discouragements of France portrayed by the film there was introduced a scene showing the rapid coming of thousands of fresh American troops. I expected an outburst of applause. Instead, there was stony silence. "Volatile France!" was the first thought that came to my mind; but I was to learn that they thought just that, and worse than that, of England and the United States. A New York parallel of this Paris instance is the storm of derisive applause which has daily greeted the aspersions on the French ambassador in a current popular musical comedy during the past year.

Until recently the immediate cause of international misunderstanding was to be sought, first of all, in the leadership on both sides. If nations fell out it was primarily because leaders had fallen out. Since the war this condition has been remarkably changed by the highly developed conference method of bringing leaders into close personal contact. Within the past few years MacDonald and Hoover, Briand and Stresemann, have been able to arrive at personal understandings which, if they had been accepted in good faith by whole populations, could have made short work of the most important issues. To-day the irreconcilable is not so much the politician as the great public, and one representative after another in the succession of international conferences has been cramped by the necessity of having to look timidly back to see how far he might be departing from the demands of those at home. As a single example of the unthinking prejudice that may lie back of these demands we need only recall the unflattering impressions with which Americans and Mexicans regard each other. Stuart Chase has said that he recently asked an able business executive to give him, without thinking, his definition of a Mexican. The instant reply was: "A combination of sheep herder and bandit." He felt sure that a corresponding Mexican definition of an American would have been: "A combination of bloated plutocrat and gangster."

The same sort of irrational popular prejudice is notably at work in the present divergence between France and the United States. Laval, Tardieu, or Briand could much more readily have come to terms with any of our present leaders than can the average Frenchman with the average American in the year 1932. This temporary difficulty rests on the same deep-seated lack of insight which has made each nation so quick to right-about-face from admiration to contempt or from scorn to glori-

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fication. Nothing can be more arresting than the peculiar readiness of these two peoples toward extreme shifts of attitude overnight. It stands in striking contrast to our more settled feelings toward England and Canada, and raises wonder that so little real understanding has resulted from the summer visits of hundreds of thousands of American tourists, from the many thousand more or less permanent American residents of Paris, or from the considerable number of soldiers who have brought back intimate impressions of France to their fellow countrymen. Yet there is probably no more typical expression of the present attitude of the average American than that of the Yankee who said: "Well, all I know about the French is that I don't like them." And there is nothing surer than the French conviction that we utterly fail to understand their real character, motives, and ways of thinking. Every effort in the direction of making the psychological processes of the two peoples seem more natural to each other is particularly timely just now when the blackest of all the dark aspects of the world situation is its psychological aspect; and it is as an effort in this direction that the following interpretation is offered.

The French character, as it presents itself to the average American who has tried to understand sympathetically, is full of extraordinary paradoxes. The Frenchman seems to him at once more immoral and yet more moral, more niggardly and yet more generous, more insincere and yet more sincere, than his own fellow countrymen. He seems both more social and more impersonal, more talkative and more reserved, more matter-of-fact and yet more doctrinaire than ourselves.

No one can hope to resolve all of these paradoxes to his complete satisfaction without a longer and more intimate contact with French people than many of us will ever have, but the key to the solution of many of them may perhaps be found in the difference in the psychology of the Self in the Anglo-Saxon and the French mind. A hint of this difference appears in the frequency of our references to such virtues as self-assertion, self-reliance, self-development, self-perfection, all of them expressions that seem more or less strange when translated into French. How our cult of these virtues appears to the French mind can be illustrated from the following quotation from a speech delivered to an approving Parisian audience. The French speaker said: "America is the shining example of a nation where self-reliance is the essential thing in life. The preaching of Emerson, the American prophet, has become the practice of the people. The first question that one asks about a man in America is, 'How does he make his living?' and when the reply is that he is a rich sausage-maker who has made a place for himself in the world, he is at once admired." The applause with which this exaggerated characterization of America was greeted was something to make an American at first resentful, then considerate of the facts. It is significant, for example, that American textbooks on psychology have for a long time regularly contained long chapters devoted to the topic of the Self, whereas the French equivalent of the Self, "le moi," is rarely singled out as a special topic. The tradition of William James, who devoted one hundred and twenty pages of his famous "Principles of Psychology" to the consciousness of self, is one that has been largely followed ever since in America, but one that finds no counterpart in the writings of French psychologists. The fact is that the French "moi" is far from being the exact equivalent of the American Self or Me, and on this difference hangs many a possibility of misunderstanding between the two peoples.

The point can best be made clear if we take James's analysis of the Self and apply it to both nations. James points out that the fully developed Self really consists of at least three separate Mes—the Material Me, including one's bodily Self, clothes, and physical possessions; the Social Me, consisting of the recognition that a man gets from his mates; and the Spiritual Me, or the man considered as a thinker. Different weight is attached to these Mes by different individuals, but in general the centre of gravity tends to shift forward from the material toward the social and spiritual Mes as one's personality becomes more fully developed. Now I submit that the centre of gravity in the American Self tends to be relatively near to the Material Me, while in the French Self it is nearer to the Spiritual Me; and the Social Me as understood by both countries, reflects the material emphasis in America and the spiritual emphasis in France.

The most obvious indication of this difference is the French readiness to put up with physical inconvenience. The interesting public lectures of the Sorbonne and the Collège de France are delivered to people who sit for an hour at a time on uncomfortable benches about nine inches wide, crowded together and often without backs. The Schola Cantorum, one of the greatest centres in the world for the development of modern music, has, as its quarters, a dingy, insignificant ruin of a building; and the office of its director, for many years the great Vincent d'Indy, appears to an American eye as merely a dark hole in the wall. One instantly contrasts the sumptuousness of American conservatories and the lamentable mediocrity of American music. In France, more than in any other progressive country, great artists and scientists have been allowed to take their poverty for granted. Their greatest musician, César Franck, had to do practically all his composing before breakfast time, so busy was he during the rest of the day with the problem of keeping the wolf from the door. The great Pasteur, while putting the whole scientific world under an immense debt to himself and to France, tolerated the shabbiest of quarters in the garret of the École Normale, and was in fact very seriously hampered in his experimental work by lack of equipment. The reward that France has offered to both her greatest musician and her greatest scientist has been no tangible physical thing, but merely "la gloire," a social-spiritual thing.

When a Frenchman is rewarded with spiritual recognition he feels that he has the most that life can offer. To have one's statue in the Hôtel de Ville, or one's painting in the Louvre, or to have the centenary of one's birth celebrated by one's fellow countrymen, is something compared with which hunger and sickness are hardly to be counted. An American poet has written: "A rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreaths to the dead." No French poet could have written that. Indeed, the great importance that the French at-

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tach to funeral ceremonies, even for the most ordinary individuals, is something that never fails to puzzle an American. The mortal remains of Sarah Bernhardt attracted a crowd that packed Paris from gate to gate twenty years after the flesh-and-blood Sarah Bernhardt had ceased to have a strong appeal as an attraction at the theatre. This was no hero-worship of the physical person Sarah Bernhardt, but of the social-spiritual idea that her career expressed. The leading articles in the Paris newspapers on this occasion contained only the barest references to the details of her personal life, but devoted many columns to her theory of diction, of character portrayal, and so on.

Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of the French capacity for neglect of the physical is their attitude toward children. Nowhere in the world are children given more caressing, and made more of as members of society, yet infant mortality in this land of Pasteur is four times as high as in the United States!

In keeping with this general tendency is the comparative lack of emphasis on physical privacy as contrasted with his emphasis on the privacy of one's inner life. A carelessness in regard to bodily exposure in public that we are likely to consider shameless he may easily regard as meaningless. At a bathing resort frequented only by conservative middle-class people one will see a scantiness of bathing costume that at first provokes an American to some comment to the effect that French society is careless of the morals of its young people. He will soon be puzzled, however, when he finds no young men and women out walking at night unchaperoned; and he will learn that the American freedom in regard to chaperonage on automobile rides is something that is offensive to the moral sense of the bourgeois Frenchman. Our ostrich morality that attaches more importance to what can be plainly seen on an ocean beach than to what is hidden from sight in the dark seat of an automobile appeals to him as the veriest hypocrisy.

It would seem, however, that the Frenchman is more ready to condone human frailty in regard to physical impulse than is the Anglo-Saxon. Exact statistics on this point will always be hard to obtain, but there seems to be reasonably good evidence that a French husband more often than an American can detach his physical desires from his sentimental devotion to his family. A delinquency of the physical order involves less disloyalty with him. With this single possible exception, however, I think that it can be confidently stated that the life of regular bourgeois society involves a much severer discipline of impulses and feelings than does that of the middle class in America. If there is a real Puritan in the world, it is a French wife of the better bourgeois class. Not that she is prudishly shocked at sexual references, but that her actual behavior is rigidly under control and completely responsive to what society demands of her.

By contrast with his apparent indifference to the physical self stands the extreme reluctance of the Frenchman to share his inner life too freely with outsiders. The typical French home is a secluded place, shut off where possible by surrounding walls. Our rolling lawns, openly merged into each other, unseparated by fences, never cease to provoke comment from Frenchmen who sojourn in the United States. It is a shock to their particular kind of modesty to think of all of one's daily life as just an extension of the daily life on either side of one's home.

In money matters the unquestioned assumption of most Americans to-day is that the Frenchman is the most grasping person in the world, while the United States is nowhere more completely identified with Shylock than in France. Two distinctions are of importance at this point. One is that the French "sens de la mesure" tends to keep every individual on a personal budget which he cannot be induced to exceed. His carefully planned proportions are based on a deep-seated abhorrence of exaggeration. This instinct against personal extravagance makes for situations in which he appears mean-spirited to spendthrift American visitors, while their excessive purchasing and tipping lead him to wonder how many in America have millionaire uncles and how many are merely lacking in good taste and common sense. Looked at in the perspective of events since 1929 the French attitude toward personal expenditure seems remarkably sound.

The further distinction is that between the material and the sentimental side of a financial transaction. In purely business relations the Frenchman has less rigid scruples than the Anglo-Saxon; the more essential honesty for him is of the sentimental order. Thus he will dodge his income tax, but die for his country more readily than any one. A landlady will put on a small extra charge that does not properly belong on one's bill, and yet be so extraordinarily generous to one's children that one not only pays the bill but makes her a present as well! French thrift may extend as far as a willingness to wait a long time in line to save a few centimes by taking second class on a bus, or to charge a tourist a sou for a glass of water, but the same person who does such things will also make extraordinary sacrifices for a sentimental cause, will accept financial ruin with cheerful fatalism, and generally scorn a life that is limited to money-getting. The distinction which we have just made bears on our differences of view in the settlement of international debts. For us these are so many sums of money honorably due us. For the Frenchman they represent our unwillingness to co-operate whole-heartedly in the Allied cause. This difference is so ingrained that only the overwhelming force of circumstances seems likely to alter either point of view.

The average Englishman or American is just as convinced of the insincerity of French character as is the average Frenchman of the hypocrisy of Englishmen and Americans. The difference again is one of emphasis as to what is most important in one's behavior. Two factors in this difference are of especial interest. One is our lack of appreciation of the importance that the Frenchman attaches to language as an end in itself. The art of the spoken word is as dear to his heart as is the art of musical sounds or of painted pictures. He is extraordinarily fond of hearing actors recite well-known plays or poems. He expects even people of low education and social status to attempt to speak well, and when a foreigner shows unwillingness to give himself pains about learning the language correctly it is a source of the greatest irritation to him. We are amused when

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we hear a foreigner butcher our mother tongue; the Frenchman is enormously pained by it. It follows from this attitude toward language that he regards conversation as a co-operative effort in artistic creation. The first question in his mind about a conversation is, "Is it beautiful, interesting, animated?" not, "Is it the expression of inner personal feelings?" To our mind there is something baffling about an animation that remains strictly impersonal; to the French mind it is not only natural but it is the best of taste even when talking to one's intimate friends.

The second factor in our mutual misunderstanding on this point is closely related to the first. We not only attach less importance to language as an end, but we do insist on making it in some sense an expression of personal feelings. The Anglo-Saxon code in regard to speech would be something like this: "Either be silent or else say just what you mean." The Frenchman would eschew silence as a sign either of stupidity or of bad manners, but would insist at the same time that it is indecent ever to express your inner feelings too freely. It is usually a long time before we even begin to sense the real nature of French "pudeur," so beset are we with the notion that if any one talks much, it must be for the sake of telling the world just how he feels. As an illustration I may take my own expectation that every person I talked with in Paris in 1923 would no doubt unburden himself to me on the subject of the Ruhr. As a matter of fact I had passed a month at the same table with some twenty French men and women before I had succeeded in drawing any one of them into anything more than the most general statements about it. At this same table I ate for four and a half months without hearing any man mention his war service, although every one of them had seen such service. During all this time there was rarely any lack of animated conversation. No one can know the French for any time without being increasingly impressed with their stoicism in regard to showing discouragement or disappointment. I think, for example, of a woman in whose house I lived, who had just lost everything she had in the world in an unsuccessful hotel venture but who never betrayed by the slightest gesture the disaster of her situation. I remember also the disgust with which a certain French professor spoke of the ruined Russian nobles in Paris as "whining Russians, who are complaining about having to sweep the streets"; and I recall that, while one saw many a serious face in Paris just after the war, one saw few worried expressions.

The Spartan measures to which a well-bred Frenchman will resort in order to avoid injuring another person's social self go so far that he considers it a social duty to sacrifice truth whenever it hurts too deeply. Before judging the moral quality of such polite lies we should first of all realize the intensity of his sense of obligation to spare the feelings of those for whom he has regard. Cyrano de Bergerac is at once the greatest liar and the most sincere person in all literature, and almost any Frenchman will say that Cyrano comes near to being the idealization of French character. I recall in this connection an auction sale on board a French ship that brought this point to my attention. The sale was for the benefit of the families of shipwrecked sailors. Everything salable had been bid up to the maximum, and every one's available cash had been pretty thoroughly exhausted when the auctioneer was suddenly inspired with the idea of selling the captain's picture. The captain was himself present at the sale, and French politeness so got the upper hand of French thrift that the picture brought three times as much as anything that had been offered before. The winner smiled a happy smile in spite of his sadly empty pocketbook, and I could not help feeling that, if that was insincerity, it was surely not a personal quality to be ashamed of.

There is one respect, moreover, in which the French are certainly far more sincere than we are. It is in regard to facing issues squarely and trying to think them through to some clear conclusions on which one is prepared to take a consistent stand. Almost every Frenchman who has reached his intellectual majority has made the most serious efforts to think his way through all the issues that he regards as important and to formulate his conviction in the most definite way. Anything short of this would mark him as a not very sincere man. And when he takes his stand on a big issue, he supports his conviction with the utmost consistency. Thus we find that with regard to religion he is likely to be either very definitely for or against the church. He is either of the sort that devoutly helps to build cathedrals or of the sort that rejoices to see them torn down. The half-hearted religious convictions of America to-day would be for him the measure of our intellectual dishonesty. The same point obtains with regard to our half-hearted convictions about the League of Nations and our amorphous policy in regard to our European relations generally.

The behavior of France in every political crisis has been an unfailing source of surprise to the Anglo-Saxon mind. We were amazed at the promptness with which she met the German conditions of peace in 1871; we were amazed again at the strength of purpose that she showed in the prosecution of the World War, when, in addition to meeting the greatest invading army of all time, she accommodated herself to the task of co-operating with several milion allied soldiers on her own soil; we were surprised once more when she insisted firmly on what she thought just at the Peace Conference; at a loss when her enormous ovation to President Wilson was followed by an utter coolness toward American suggestions; and astounded at her readiness to raise large military forces after all her unspeakable bereavement during the war. Above all we could not comprehend her later determination to make the Ruhr the "Verdun of the Peace," and her apparent obsession that the Treaty of Versailles must be enforced to the bitter end against a bankrupt Germany in the midst of a world depression.

However puzzling these attitudes may be, I submit that our first task is to comprehend why they seem reasonable to millions of Frenchmen. On the theory that the ratio of worthy and unworthy motives in the souls of Frenchmen and Americans is approximately the same, our primary concern will be for more intimate popular understanding on both sides. Scapegoat hunting in international affairs gave us a distorted Germany, a menacing Russia, a sinister Japan. It will offer us a France actuated only by fear, revenge,

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and greed, which is surely not the real France.

When Briand died he was mourned by British statesmen as "not only a great Frenchman, but the greatest European of us all." The country which produced Briand cannot be wholly provincial, any more than can the country which produced Wilson forever hold aloof from the vital interests of its neighbors. The recapture of the harmony and friendship which existed between Washington and Rochambeau has seemed singularly far off for the past decade, but France instantly took Lindbergh to her heart and America was not uncordial to Laval. Never was the need of ambassadors in large number more apparent. If we are ever to appreciate the extraordinary chapter of history through which we are now living one of the most necessary requirements is sure to be a genuine entente with France.

THE FINE ART OF LETTING GO

A PARENT TALKS OF HIS BOY BILL

By Lewis Gaston Leary

My wife and I are again passing through that difficult period of family life when dinner-table conversation with a high-school son resembles the cross-examination of a reluctant witness by opposing counsel. On the average, it takes four courteous inquiries, plus two maternal pleadings and one stern paternal admonition, to drag out of him a sketchy bit of information about some inconsequential happening of the day.

While I must confess that this "none of your business" attitude toward a natural interest in the doings of our offspring sometimes irritates me, it does not worry me at all; for I know more about what is going on inside the boy's head than he thinks I do, and I realize that the unnecessary secretiveness of adolescence, its extravagant assumptions of independence, and even its deliberately provocative challenges to parental authority, are by-products of an entirely wholesome instinct, the absence of which in any of my children would seriously disturb my peace of mind.

If the adult years are to be successful and happy, the adolescent period must be marked by two outstanding achievements: the development of a well-balanced and healthful attitude toward sex, and an emancipation from the childish reliance on the parents. The latter achievement means the attainment of an emotional independence, a new sense of individualism, an entity of existence which is self-conscious and self-sustaining and not any longer rooted in the parental home. Therefore all normal young people are egotistical; for the fuller realization of the *I* in them is a vitally necessary accomplishment of the transition stage between childhood and maturity.

That annoying son of mine is probably too busy about other things to analyze his present attitude toward his mother and me, beyond concluding that he is old enough now to live his own life, make his own decisions, have his own private thoughts, and in general be treated like a man; but what he is really trying to do is to detach his individuality from us, so that instead of being "our son, William" he will be—himself. If he steps on other people's toes while he is making this difficult transfer, we shall try to be patient with him; for it is a job that he has never tackled before.

For us who are parents, all the law and the prophets hang on two great commandments: "Thou shalt provide the best possible home for thy children," and "When the time comes, thou shalt let thy children go." These two may be further compressed into one sentence—

The whole duty of parents is to prepare children for leaving the parental home to establish new homes of their own.

We parents do not like to see the children growing away from their dependence on us. Yet there comes a time when parents must do just that—for their children's sake.

It is probable that most American homes need more discipline rather than less, and I am far from suggesting that immature girls and boys should always do as they please. The largest values of parental discipline, however, are developed during the earlier years when it is taken for granted by the children, not in the later period when it is so apt to precipitate pitched battles between the older and younger generations, and when, in any case, no amount of external authority can insure the young people's going straight unless there is also an inner compulsion toward right living.

With any relaxing of discipline, there is, of course, a chance that the children—who, after all, are not nearly as competent to deal with life's problems as they think they are—may come to harm. There is always a chance that any splendid adventure, like growing up, may go wrong. But if parental discipline is carried to the point where it stunts the new individualism of the teen age, then there is no question as to what will happen. The children will *certainly* come to harm.

So this is at once the hardest task and the crucial test of parenthood: not merely to let the children go when we are forced to do so, but to face bravely and cheerfully the fact that the time of their emancipation is at hand, and actually to help them break away from us.

In a far greater number of instances, however, than is generally realized, parents never come to the point where they are willing to abdicate their authority, no matter how far the children may have passed beyond the period of infancy.

A brilliant young freshman must lunch with his mother every day at the university cafeteria. A senior who is a "letter man," as well as a leader in the social life of his college, must report to his father, through the janitor of his dormitory, the exact time at which he

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enters the building every night. A student in a professional school must account for every cent of his allowance. A daughter of thirty-five must telephone home if a shopping expedition takes a half-hour longer than was expected. A son of forty dares not call on any woman who has not first been approved by his mother. A man of fifty is referred to by his father as "only a thoughtless boy."

There are parents who would be very indignant if their love for their children were questioned, and yet are not willing to sacrifice their own possessive pride and sense of power, so that the children may live their own lives in their own way. Such parents cherish their children as the connoisseur cherishes his choicest treasures, from which nothing could force him to part. They will fight for their children, as the miser will fight for his gold. But they will not consent to their children's being anything except *their children*.

Of all manifestations of the opposing interests of the older and younger generations, the conflict between father and son is ordinarily the most open and noisy—and the least likely to result in permanent harm to the child. For one thing, it has some of the characteristics of a stand-up fight between man and man, where blows are lustily given and taken, but after which neither victor nor vanquished is supposed to bear any ill-will. Also, if worst comes to worst, it is easier for a boy to run away from home than it is for a girl, and many a youth has found his manhood when he battled with the world all alone, with a homesick lump in his throat.

Nevertheless, conflicts between fathers and sons over matters of family discipline have, in the aggregate, been responsible for a vast amount of sorrow. There are several ways in which such a struggle may issue. The ideal solution, of course, is for the two parties to talk the whole situation over, and, with mutual concessions, come to a satisfactory working agreement for the future. Sometimes, however, the succession of quarrels continues to disturb the harmony of the home until the son leaves it. Sometimes the son wins a victory which is too premature and complete to be entirely safe for him. Sometimes the father wins a decisive victory, at the probable cost of a serious warping of his son's personality. More often, the son renders a submission which is only apparent; for the instinctive demand for independence is so insistent that, if denied recognition at home, it will almost certainly seek clandestine forms of self-expression.

Consider, for example, that charming young man of the world, Philip Van Stitt. His father is rich, cultured, religious, home-loving, devoted to his children—and incredibly foolish. At least, his foolishness would be incredible if it were not of such a common type. When Philip is with his parents, he is a model son; away from home, he is going to the bad in the most open-eyed and cold-blooded way imaginable. He is much too proud and self-willed to be influenced by evil companions; indeed, he would be ashamed of himself if he felt that he had sinned because he had been tempted beyond his strength to resist. Yet every Saturday night he sets out, absolutely sober and all alone, to do the most unspeakable things he can think of.

When we learn that Philip never suffers from any scourging of conscience after a debauch, but, on the contrary, enjoys a rare sense of physical well-being and spiritual satisfaction, he becomes quite easy to understand. Although he is well on in his twenties, his father insists on treating him as if he were an irresponsible child; so he periodically commits all the sins which he thinks would shock his father the most. Yet he does not care whether his father learns about his misdeeds or not, nor does he go out of his way to let his friends know what a devil of a fellow he is. It is only to himself that Philip feels the need of demonstrating the independence and daring and virility which he is not permitted to exhibit at home.

Because the development of a mature and wholesome attitude toward sex is at once the most necessary and the most difficult achievement of the adolescent period, a serious disturbance in any sector of the environment of youth is apt to result in a far-reaching and, to an untrained observer, apparently unrelated disturbance of the sex-life, and this is especially likely to occur when a conflict over family discipline is allowed to reach a critical intensity. To the protest which is often heard from proud and domineering parents, "Why should such a thing happen in *my* home?" the correct reply would be, "Yours is exactly the kind of a home in which such things do happen."

One of the products of the inter-relation between disciplinary conflicts and the mating instinct is the not uncommon type of adolescent love affair which, at bottom, is only a hastily and perhaps unconsciously chosen device for escaping from parental control. Many a girl, especially, rushes into marriage in order to free herself from what she considers intolerable conditions at home. To such a state of mind, marriage stands for an acknowledged maturity; it promises an immediate personal independence. The girl dwells on the pleasures and opportunities of matrimony; she is less concerned with its obligations. A man is, of course, necessary to her escape; but the particular "boy friend" may be hardly more than a symbol of love and freedom. At any rate, he will take her away from her father, or from her mother, as the case may be. In other words, her main object in marrying is not to get anywhere with her life, but just to get away from somewhere, namely, her home. It is no wonder that such marriages are not always successful.

But if some marriages prove unhappy because the chief motivation of the bride was a desire to leave home, other marriages turn out badly for exactly the opposite reason, that is, either the bride or the groom had failed to achieve the adult independence of the childhood home which is essential to a satisfactory wedded life. The religious teaching that a man shall "leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife" is another way of saying that a true marriage demands the shifting of the emotional focus of life from the parent to the mate. A man whose father or mother still holds the central place in his thought and affection is not prepared to make a success of the difficult business of being a husband, and a girl who comes to marriageable age still feeling a childish need of her parents stands very little chance of being able to adjust herself to living with a man who is not even a blood-relation.

And the tragedy of it lies in the fact that, only a few years ago, what these

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same people wanted most was to become free from their parents so that they might live their own lives.

That is what my troublesome son wants at the present moment. What am I going to do about him?

As with all problems which involve conflicting personal interests, there will have to be a spirit of give-and-take between the individuals concerned, as well as a continual compromising between theory and practice. Any boy whose ideas of fair play are buttressed by a healthy sense of humor will agree that he must submit to a certain amount of parental discipline as long as he is being housed, fed, clothed and educated by his parents, and will take a good deal of frank criticism from the man who is supporting him, even when the interference with his private affairs seems uncalled for. On the other hand, it would be foolish for a father to lose any sleep because a son in his teens does not always spring to attention when he is spoken to, or to suspect him of being hell-bent because he no longer tells everything that he does and thinks, or to let his own temper be ruined by the chronic grouching of adolescence; for, with all the clumsy, exaggerated and irritating manifestations of the revolt of youth, the worst thing that could happen would be for the revolt to fail.

So if this boy wants to follow his biggest brother on the varsity football team, I shall again take the chance of having a son crippled in body, rather than risk crippling his spirit. If he wants to go to sea, he will not have to run away; for I shall try to find him as good a berth as I did for his brother who shipped before the mast at the mature age of sixteen. If he falls in love with any girl whom I do not positively know to be a moron or a jailbird, I shall take a chance on her being as wonderful as he thinks she is, or if not, on his finding that out without my assistance. And whenever he shows that I am somewhat off the centre of his cosmos, I shall take a chance on my new position being the ideal one for me to occupy.

For, if he is ever going to make anything out of his life, he must learn how to solve his own problems; he must take his own risks and suffer for his own mistakes; he must pick his own chums, choose his own job, marry his own wife, and live in his own home. In a word, "my son" must change into a man; and, because no one can become a man over night, I agree with him that the best time for him to start trying to be one is right now.

And if sometimes, when he is unusually provoking and I am unusually tired, I forget for the moment how much his nascent manhood means to him, I am sure that he is man enough already not to hold it against me.

A WORKER

By S. Funaroff

I

Tousle of windy sun
in windlashed leaves
of crashing tamaracks.

Bob of cotton-head
in a southern mill.

Burn of pouring steel
in the iron shadows
of a steel mill.

Headlight on an
electric car
digging into the coaldark.

Glowing body warm with labor;
sweating, chatting,
laughing like highlights
in whirling winking wheels
clicking cogs of creativity;
busy . . . busy . . .

II

There came a time of
no work no work—
no unifying bond.
His idle hands dissipated;
heart and mind and body dissipated
and his face paled with shadows.

Outcast from his element,
he wandered in gray city streets
a drunken and groping god
brooding in bewildering mists.

And when he hurtled from the bridge,
there he was,—
bohunk, miner,
cotton millhand and steel worker—
a great blonde giant in the scarlet waters,
in the lethal bath of the big city at sunset.

And the first star like a lorgnette
came peering into this magnificent workshop,
his former home,
calm, indifferent.

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Muscadines for Pink Corsets

By Miriam Pope Cimino

THE little corner of Georgia where I was "bawn 'n raised" used to be called "Murder Creek." The old-timers who refuse to be corrected and the children who like to be ascared of the creek's fierce red waters, still call it that. The rest of the citizens of the community encouraged by a desperate real-estate agent, insist that it is Muddy Creek.

The nicest thing about Muddy Creek is that it stays just the same. One does not return from far places to have relatives proudly point out the new this and that building. Instead they patiently give you the two long tales about why the new railroad did not go through and why the new highway chose a route through that dreadful little town just north of them. But Muddy Creek remains unbelievably the same.

A recent visit down there convinced me that certain customs were as unchangeable as the buildings. We had dinner, a fine, big one, in the middle of the day. Then, along with the other women of the family, I found myself taking a long afternoon nap. Perhaps it was the quantity of food, perhaps the warm air, but I settled right into this two-hour nap as if I had never given up such a luxury.

Before "dressing for the afternoon," we gathered on the shady back porch, to eat lemon sherbet. Twenty years could do nothing to a custom like this, and it should not. Now, instead of unpacking the large old-fashioned freezer to find our ice cream waiting for us, a cousin "toted" it out to us from the electric refrigerator. And we ate it, clad in a gay assortment of beach pajamas instead of the kimonos of other days.

During my second big dish of sherbet, as I gloated over the endurance of this custom, I was made poignantly aware of the endurance of another custom—back-door trade. I cannot imagine how the white women of these Southern villages, or the Negro women they trade with, could manage their households without this custom, and yet I had almost forgotten its existence. Most of them have had to carry on with almost no cash. Cash would circulate at cotton-selling time in the fall, and naturally it would go mostly for big items controlled by the men of the family. A Negro girl appears at the back door with fragrant, hot-lye hominy, or white mud for whitewashed hearths, or brush-brooms for back-yard sweeping, or sweetgum for the children to chew, or berries and wild fruits of every description, something you suddenly realize you want, and when she has told you what she wants for it you go dashing off to dip deeply into your sugar barrel, or have lamp oil measured, or find a pair of your husband's shoes that will accommodate the feet of old Aunt Somebody who wants to stand in them while ironing. "Ironin' shoes," I've heard them called.

The most interesting of all the colored girls who used to bring around things to trade was Lilly Lou. How could a Muddy Creek child ever forget her? And here was Lilly Lou standing on the back steps, a large leaf-covered pail in each hand. The Lilly Lou of my childhood, who had refused to be bothered by a mere passing of twenty years. Just as I remembered her and not a year older!

"What are you selling to-day, Lilly Lou?"

"Ah got me some muscadines here, 'bout a gallon, Ah reckon."

"What do you want for them?"

"Jess one thing in dis house can buy dese muscadines! Ah wants dat old pank cossit on de top shelf o' your closet, Miss Edith! If youse done wid it. Ah been needin' mahsef a pank cossit."

Edith agreed and as she hurried off to get the corset to complete the trade, I got out of my hammock and approached Lilly Lou. At first she did not recognize me. How dared she keep her childhood, when mine had escaped so hopelessly?

"Lawdy, Miss Min! Ah thought yo was strange company!" she shouted.

And then, because she was black and I was white, and because she had to hug me, she dropped to her knees and flung her arms around my waist, tightly.

"Yo show is gotten growed up, Honey!"

I removed the large, cool poplar leaves that had protected the muscadines from the sun, and ate a few, sitting there on the top step with Lilly Lou. My throat ached so I could hardly swallow the sweet, musty things. She had climbed high, twisted vines that swung treacherously out from the tall pines, to find these. I knew the place.

She wrapped the pink corset in a newspaper and swung her empty pails triumphantly on one elbow, as she left us.

Edith said: "You must eat a lot of these, we can get more for preserving. I suppose you haven't tasted any in a long time."

"I haven't seen this back-door trading in a long time," I said. "I guess you couldn't get along without it!"

"Of course not. What in the world do you do with your old clothes?"

"I don't know." I answered vacantly. "Edith, do you think Lilly Lou would let me go with her again?"

"Have you gone plum crazy? Well, folks in this town would think you had anyway, poking around through the

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briar patches with that triflin' nigger! You know she won't work for any one! And she's a wonderful cook and could name her price. And she won't pick cotton, or take in washing! Still prowls around in the woods all day. Why in the world would you want to go with her? She could bring you any thing you wanted."

"It was so much fun," I apologized. "Of course, it wouldn't do for me to go with her now."

Still, at the bridge tables, the barbecue tables, in automobiles, everywhere, I was with Lilly Lou and the children in spirit, because I knew so well the paths they followed.

The other white folks of the village, like my cousin, called Lilly Lou a lazy good-for-nothing nigger, but it came to me on this recent visit, with amazing clearness, that she might be called the Free Day Nursery of Muddy Creek, or Free Lance Colored Help—she could prepare a perfect dinner for the unexpected guests of some distracted white lady when she chose to do so—or she might well have been called The Pied Piper of Muddy Creek! Certainly, she was no good-for-nothing nigger.

I could not tell my cousin that it pleased me to know that she was still nobody's cook, nor washwoman. She was still Lilly Lou, who did as she pleased, following her old trails through the woods and pastures, and refusing to grow up.

These women who wanted to put her in their kitchens should have considered, too, that she had to do a certain amount of toting for Ant Calline, her grandmother, who had long been crippled with rheumatism. The washings to and from Cunnel Wylie's, the water from the spring, and supplies from the village stores or the white ladies' back doors.

Except for these little home duties, Lilly Lou's procedure seemed the same as twenty years ago. On fine days she appeared, clad in blue or brown homespun, buckets or baskets dangling from her arms, her feet dragging lazily through the red dust or red mud of the Big Road.

We were irresistibly lured from whatever we might be doing by the first glimpse of her familiar figure, and quite the most delightful thing that could happen to a Muddy Creek child was to be allowed to go on down the Big Road with Lilly Lou. Everything the children said was funny to her, and she giggled through the songs she led as we went along, our pet dogs whirling crazily before us.

We knew instantly where we would go. An empty flour sack on Lilly Lou's arm promised nuts from the scaly bark trees, or the chinquepin trees, way over yonder by Blue Ruin, with a thrilling crossing of the footlog over Yellow Creek. Her tin pails mirrored wild strawberries in the fringe of the Piney Woods, and dewberries close to the swift red waters of Murder Creek, with shivers of exquisite pleasure over the dreadful things that Lilly Lou knew about the waters of this creek! Or a tin pail might mean that we would take a long hot road that passed near, but not too near, the county pest house. A child must clink carefully by this frightful spot on the other side of the road, so as not to catch the smallpox! But at the far end of this road were the wild plum patches, yellow and red plums! And, oh, joy of joys, a tin pail might mean that we would go muscadine hunting! Lilly Lou would risk her life by climbing high up the strong woody vines that clung to the pine trees, and when she reached the right places near the top of the vine she would shake the vine furiously, her own body swaying dangerously with the motion. It was our privilege to help gather the muscadines from the pine straw. Then we would all stop for a ride on bent saplings, and Lilly Lou could make us believe that we rode real horses, wonderful ones, and rode them superbly. Lilly Lou, whose only rides had been on bent saplings, and muscadine vines, and that memorable ride on the visiting merry-go-round, a free ride because she had held the youngest Rand child in her arms.

An empty shoe box meant only persimmons. Just why persimmons were arranged in layers in a paper-lined shoe box, rather than in a tin pail, neither Lilly Lou nor the children could have told one. Who, in Muddy Creek, had ever heard of a shoe box full of strawberries, or a tin pail full of persimmons? It simply was not done!

Sometimes we followed her over the scrub-oak hills to where there were just the yellow broom straw and the sky. Tired from our climb in the heat, we would sit deep in the trembling straw, like rabbits in their beds, and watch Lilly Lou cut the tall broom straw into bundles, and wrap the stiff end of each bundle with twine. As each broom was finished, we would scream together: "I'm going to tote that one!" Her straw brooms were for certain farmers' wives who had not lived "in town" long enough to prefer store-bought brooms for sweeping under their beds. Her "bresh brooms" of dogwood branches tied with stout rags, swept most of the red-clay back yards of Muddy Creek, religiously and furiously, every Saturday afternoon, thoroughly subduing the red dust, chicken feathers, chicken droppings and leaves, for Sunday. And her white mud furnished those housewives of Muddy Creek, who made a morning ceremony of whitewashing their big fireplaces.

There was a deep gully where white children were not allowed to enter because of snakes, but we could stand on its edge and watch Lilly Lou descend to fill her arms with yellow jessamine. Certain ladies in Muddy Creek preferred things like yellow jessamine to brush brooms. They were the customers who sent us hurrying, after summer rains, to hunt the pale long-stemmed wood violets, or to creep along our secret path to the sweet shrub bushes. Lilly Lou always took time to knot our soiled little handkerchiefs around crushed and bruised sweet shrubs. The more they were bruised the more exquisitely sweet they became! These little bundles were to be sniffed, all the way home.

Near the secret path to the sweet shrubs stood the Twin Oak. Some one had been hung there,—Lilly Lou never failed to tell us that as we approached it, but we could not seem to keep away from it. It was always shady there, a gloomy spot, but strangely enough it was only here that we could find a supply of heart leaves, with their treasured "lil' jugs" on the roots. This was something to be gathered for our own pleasure. We scratched the little plants from the rich earth, excitedly. The spotted heart-shaped leaves with their heavenly tea-olive smell, were cherished all the way home as gifts for mothers, but the little brown jugs with fluted tops were

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arranged with acorn caps on a table of starry moss, and left there to be the fairies' dinner dishes. The acorn caps and the little jugs grew especially to be fairy dishes, only the grown-ups did not know it!

There were plenty of other things to be gathered for our own pleasure as we helped Lilly Lou hunt things. There were the pink powder puffs from the mimosa trees, pink and fluffy, and with handles like the ones on our mothers' dressing-tables, only sweeter. And for the little boys there were pine-cone pipes to smoke and buckeyes to put into their pockets to bring them good luck, and locust shells for frightening little girls, who thought they were real bugs.

As I thought over all these long-ago delights, I envied the young cousins who were allowed to follow Lilly Lou now. When they returned at sundown, I tried to make them tell me what they had done that afternoon, but I was not only a grown-up who might laugh about fairy dinner tables if told, I was a strange Yankee lady from 'way up yonder, who could not understand!

If I could not spend an afternoon helping Lilly Lou find something to trade, I could certainly visit Ant Calline a few minutes in her cabin, without humiliating my relatives. She had been an old family servant, and even Edith could see no reason why I should not go down to her cabin to say hello to the poor crippled old soul.

I went alone, leaving my car at the end of the swamp road, and walking down the narrow damp road to her cabin eagerly. I might have left it the afternoon before, this same old swamp road. But the cabin seemed unbelievably tiny.

It was nearing sunset, and Ant Calline waited on the crazy little porch for Lilly Lou. Clinging to the slanting floor with her were a cheese-box stand of wandering-jew and a yellow hound. She removed her corn-cob pipe from her mouth to shout a few loud greetings at me when she recognized me, and I was soon seated on the edge of the little porch at her feet. I would not let her go inside for a chair. I used to sit there like that.

Her rheumatiz was just the same. She could hobble around the house and yard, enough to keep her washin's going, but could go no farther. She wanted to stop taking in washin's, she said, but Cunnel Wylie would not let her stop doing up his shirts, and she reckoned she'd have to do them up always.

Ant Calline had been the best washwoman in Muddy Creek, Georgia. Every Monday morning for forty years she left her cabin to tote home her washings. Every Saturday afternoon for forty years she toted them back, in huge, flat baskets balanced on her bare head, her big checked gingham sunbonnet resting high on top of the immaculate clothes. At the end of the forty years there were no more conveniences for her laundry work, except in soaps, than at the beginning. She toted water from the same spring, lifted the same kind of battered old tubs, made lye soap in the three-legged iron pots in her cabin yard, and shoved countless armfuls of wood under these pots where the white clothes were boiled and boiled. No one else could make such masterpieces of the white tucked shirts of Doctor Dayton and Cunnel Wylie, or perfect the fluted underthings of Mis' Sallie Wylie!

She had chosen certain washings with great dignity and refused others, but her stiffly starched sunbonnet had hung unused behind the cabin door for a year now, and she had given up all washings except Cunnel Wylie's shirts, which Lilly Lou toted back and forth. Last year she had "done up" the last white-tucked shirt for Doctor Dayton.

"Dey said it sho did shine mighty white, 'gainst his black coffin!" she said.

But she could not get away from Cunnel Wylie's shirts. The gentle old man had walked down to her cabin, I had heard, and implored her not to leave him in such an unspeakable condition, with never a decent shirt to his back, and no one to get them stiff in the right places and white enough. So she continued to send him a weekly supply fit for a gentleman to wear!

As I reflected upon these washings she had begun to quarrel about Lilly Lou. She spluttered the words around the stem of her pipe, bumping her split-bottom chair back and forth, harshly, to emphasize her words. She seemed to have forgotten that I was there.

"Gwine to poke in here 'fo' long wid no lamp ile. Gwine to fetch somebody's old sto'-bought stockin's, or some sech trash we don't need. Big gal like her trompin' through de bushes all day with de white chillun, scratchin' thoo de briahs fo' a handfull o' strawbes' nobody won't give her nothin' fo'. Shet yo mouth, bud! (To Lilly Lou's pet mocking bird encaged in the ancient mulberry tree by the cabin.) Shet yo' mouth and stop dat sassy jay-bud talk!"

Suddenly the old hound pointed his nose to the sky and gave a long, rusty howl. He had sensed the approach of Lilly Lou, and soon her voice came down the swamp road ahead of her. She used the tune of "Over There," but the strange bursts of words she fitted it to would have amazed the soldiers who used to sing it. At the time of the song's popularity she had probably not got near enough to the white folks' parlors to distinguish the words, but had caught the tune, which she still used admirably.

I knew that I should be going, now that Lilly Lou was returning to fix their supper. But instead of saying good-by, I asked Ant Calline if I could taste just a bit of the corn hoe-cake I knew they would be having.

"I'd like to just taste it, and see if it is like I have remembered it, with that nice ashes flavor to it," I explained.

"Lawd Heppus! She want to eat some nigger cornbread cooked on de fiah-place, when Miss Edith got de bess cook in de county busy knockin' up fine things fo' her to eat. It do beat de world! Sho, yo can have de nicest thin little brown hoe-cake us can make. Jes set here and fan yo'se'f, chile." Handing me a fly-specked fan decorated with a beautiful pink lady eating a mound of pink ice cream, she hobbled inside the cabin with Lilly Lou.

I could see and hear what went on inside, though I tried to remember that I was a grown-up guest on the porch, and not the privileged child who used to help tend to the spluttering hoe-cake while it cooked.

Lilly Lou knelt before the big fireplace and blew hard on the bed of embers there. This fire never went out. Ant Calline would have thought herself disgraced, if, like certain careless Negro women she knew, she had had to go to another's fireplace or wash-pot to borrow a few coals to rekindle it. She had probably never own-

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ed a box of matches. Twists of newspaper lighted her pipe just as well. Now Lilly Lou busied herself with twigs and chips and then hickory sticks. A lively fire leaped up with a glare that lighted every corner of the one-roomed cabin, and brought out the splashing colors of the walls, papered with many layers of colored comic papers. (Certain white folks always saved them for Ant Calline, who preferred them to the ordinary newspapers used thus by her friends.)

As Lilly Lou worked with the fire, Ant Calline took the newspaper wrappings from a tall bottle of "lamp ile," a package of meal, a little hunk of bacon, and an old striped blouse. "Who give yo' dis ole shut wace!" she wanted to know, a touch of humor in her voice.

"Miss Susie Kate gimme dat."

"Well, it wouldn't fit a billy goat!"

"She was in a hurry to git off to de missionary meetin', and she didn't have time to hunt me no sto'-bought stockin's I wanted."

"She bettah be missionaryin' round dat dutty kitchen she got dar. Yassum. She musta made dis shut wace to fit somebody's billy goat!"

Lilly Lou laughed her rich, throaty laugh, and I joined in. I was no longer the strange guest on the porch. I had been accepted as the lost child come back. They would discuss the white ladies before me, boldly, as of old, knowing that I could laugh with them, and not tote tales.

"Where yo' get dis meal?"

"Miss Mary Beth gimme dat. She took some o' mah red and yallow plums both. She ain't never stingy 'bout settlin'. She dip down good 'n deep in her meal ba'l, and ain't scared to dip a lil moah. Den she dipped a lil sugah fo' good measure. She sho is one good white lady!"

"Amen! Thah's a front seat in Heben waitin' fo' Miss Mary Beth, she's on de right train, yes, Lawd!

"Who give you dis fat meat?"

"Miss Estella give me dat."

"Miss Estella sho is got a road to travel wid dat drunk husban' she got dar. Whut he up to now?"

"He so fulla licka, he jes settin' thah on de stove-wood box, rollin' dem big eyes lak a hongry dog. Ah nevah seed sech eyes! Miss Estella makin' spice plums an his licka smellin' up de kitchen worsin all de spices. She still lookin' fo' a gal to heppah. Dat's one kitchen Ah wouldn't bothah to wase mah time in, jes soon mekkup biscuits fo' a polecat, as fo' dat white man!"

"Yes, Lawd! He got his foots sot in de direction o' de graveyard!"

"Whar yo' git de lamp ile?"

"Miss Bonnie gimme dat, but Ah didn't have enough plums fo' her; got to bring her some mo' next week. She got compny from At-lanta."

"She fly high, but she liable to fly high and roose low, yassum, and it's de truf too. At-lanta Compny!"

I was sitting on a low stool by the hearth now, watching my hoe-cake. Through the open door I could see that it was still quite light outside, but the light could not interfere with the glow inside. The jumping glare of the fire made the colored figures of the comic sheets dance with a crazy shimmer. The whole cabin was warm with color. Red, yellow, and blue of the papered walls, purple printed kerchief and green-checked gingham apron of Ant Calline, red peppers, yellow gourds, and green grasses hung from the rafters, the high mantel crowded with fantastic vases and ornaments, mostly gilt trimmed, (considered too tacky for Muddy Creek parlors and toted home gratefully by Ant Calline), orange hound on the hearth mat of red calico strips, quilts of a thousand shades on the golden-oak beds. Splendid colors! And the slim bronze figure of Lilly Lou beside the big black woman, whose wrinkled skin reflected the same lights caught on the shiny black pots and pans on the hearth.

I told them little things about my life in New York that I thought would interest them, and asked Lilly Lou if she would like to go there some day to cook for me. When she heard that there were no back porches and such, she said she reckoned she wouldn't like to if it was all the same to me. After all, who was I to take Ant Calline's toter from her? To take their Pied Piper from the children of Muddy Creek?

My hoe-cake was finished now, and so was the little tin pot of cheap coffee boiling excitedly on the coals beside it. They both smelled heavenly! My hoe-cake had crisp lacy edges made by the bacon drippings, and Ant Calline slipped a wedge of fresh butter in it—she received this treat regularly from the Wylies. Lilly Lou poured my coffee into a mustache cup nine inches high, bearing the word "Father" in gold letters among blue forget-me-nots. They were simply delighted because I finished it all, and said that Edith's cook couldn't hold a candle to it. But I knew it was time for me to speed back to the spoon bread and young broiled turkey and thin old ham and jellied tomatoes and syllabub that were being prepared for me now in Edith's kitchen.

As I hurried away, I reflected that my visit would give Ant Calline something to talk about for a long time. Especially the things that I had said about her hoe-cake, and the enormous pot of tobacco I gave her.

However, it happened that she had only one week to think over the honor I had given her.

It all started when a little girl of the village begged to go with Lilly Lou plum hunting. As she had a cold, her mother thought it best to keep her at home, and Lilly Lou and the other children went on without her. Some time after they left, the little girl decided to follow them, and took a wrong road, wandering farther and farther away until she was lost in a big woods. Searching parties were organized and hunted the child for hours. Of course they went to Ant Calline's cabin, thinking Lilly Lou could help them find the paths the child might have followed, but Lilly Lou did not come home at sundown as usual. A young Negro boy had met her, and told her about the child and that the white men blamed it on her, and were waiting at the cabin for her. The poor foolish thing stayed away, but as she explained afterward, she finally had to go home, trouble or no trouble there to keep her granny from worrying too much about her. Her late appearance made the excited searchers, some of them, begin to whisper things about her having had something to do with the disappearance. Dreadful things were whispered around the village, none of the things being really meant, I am sure—only the nervous reactions of a distracted crowd.

The second time the child's father and his helpers appeared at the cabin she was there, and went with them willingly to help search through the paths she took on her wanderings. I heard that everything about the procedure was quiet and matter-of-fact, their taking

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Lilly Lou with them. But Ant Calline sensed trouble in the air for Lilly Lou, and begged them not to take her.

"But I wants to go and find de chile, granny," they said Lilly Lou told her.

Anyway, they did find the child about an hour later. The whole village knew the good news at once, when the victory signal of five volleys was fired by the group who found her. She had wandered as far as one of their secret playhouses in the woods and fallen asleep on a pine-straw bed there.

But the next morning we were shocked to hear that Ant Calline had died of heart failure the night before. They said that she was getting old and that her heart must have been affected by her rheumatism. They said that it was better for her to have gone quickly like that. Cunnel Wylie was going to give her a fine funeral, and they said lots of wonderful things about her character.

But I have not been able to stop thinking about her going. A peculiar thing about it was that she had put on her large clean sunbonnet, and had started down the swamp road, when she fell dead. For over a year she had not walked this far, nor had on her sunbonnet. That had been worn only on trips to the village or to more distant places. It was just as if some instinct made her put it on, when she suddenly knew that she must go somewhere. And where was she going, at that time of night? Some of the people of the village thought she walked in her sleep, and automatically put on the sunbonnet. I wish I thought that and did not know what I know!

I know that she did not want them "to take Lilly Lou," whom she worshipped. I know that she remembered dark deeds done in those woods before, and knew what might happen when a bunch of white men suddenly went crazy! I know that she sat there by her fire, waiting and praying for everything to be all right, until she heard a volley of shots and that her crippled knees sank beneath her when she heard it. And then she heard four more volleys of shots, from the woods. And a person may endure long agony of thought between such volleys. I have heard them in the woods at night. Each volley must have gone through Ant Calline's soul. I hope this part of her dying before her heart stopped was not too slow. She must have jerked down her long idle sunbonnet, and started toward her Lilly Lou, before an overwhelming realization came to her that it was now too late to help her Lilly Lou in this world! And I do hope, that as the swamp road rose to meet her, she had a fleeting, comforting belief that she was going to find her, up there, somewhere.

BLIND BUCKERS

By Will James

I GUESS most everybody nowadays has seen a bucking horse, there's plenty of them in all the good rodeos that's being pulled off all over U. S. A. every year starting from July and lasting till the following February. They're bucking horses natural, inclined that way just the same as any human might be inclined to be bad, and the people that's missed seeing them have missed a whole lot worth seeing. Them horses are the picked bad ones from the big ranges of our western country, and the riders who follow 'em from here to wherever the horses are shipped *sure* have to be good ones, if they're going to win any money riding 'em.

With the folks that's seen horses buck acrost the arena at the rodeos the few instances I'm going to tell of now will be easy to understand, all that has to be done will be to know that the horse is not in an arena, no tall fence to turn him and no rider to haze the horse where he belongs. I'm going to tell of blind buckers, wild horses that don't care where they hit nor how, while a rider is on 'em.

Such horses are apt to show that meanness any place of course, and there's been many of 'em go thru the solid fences of the arenas. I had a horse go thru a four foot woven wire fence out of an arena with me one time, he bucked halfways up the bleachers, scattered the crowd, splintered the timbers and bucked all the way back down into the arena without even stumbling. I seen another horse try that another time and he was left hung on one of the big splintered timbers.

Them is what I call blind buckers. When they're loose and no rider is on 'em you couldn't pull 'em towards a crowd with a steam engine, but the minute a rider climbs 'em they don't care where they go, they're blind mad. They're willing to commit suicide so as they can commit murder.

I seen a horse buck out of an arena once, knock two men down, dive into an automobile and buck over the top of it. I'd brought that same horse to town with a bunch a while before and, as an automobile come along the road, he quit the bunch like a scared rabbit, went thru a fence and hightailed it acrost a field. I sure had to ride some to get him back.

It's hard for folks that's used to the gentle barn-raised horse to know the actions of our horses. The western range horse is just as different to the eastern gentle-raised horse as a lynx is to the purring kitten by the stove. Even when tamed down the western range horse has tricks that are entirely different from the eastern horse. I'm now talking of horses that's rode on the range, not them that's rented out to tourists.

I was breaking horses on contract with a feller one time. The country was scary to break horses in. It was rough, high mountains and timber everywhere, and right by the corral was a river big enough to carry a big steamer. The river bank, which was at least fifteen feet straight up and down, made one wing of our corral.

One day my partner sacks out a big sunk-eyed bay colt, eases his saddle on him, bucks him out good and then tells me to open the gate. I opens the gate, and that bronk went past me like as if a wild cat was camped on his tail, in the next second he'd blind-bucked off the bank into the river and both him and the rider went out of sight in the whirling currents. They came up again about a hundred yards down river and the

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horse, being cooled down some, begin to look for a way out. My partner was sure helping him, and down a few hundred yards more they made a landing where the stock had broke a run to water.

My partner rode him around some while I went to work on some of my bronks and then he unsaddled him. The next day that horse done the same thing, but my partner didn't go down with him that time, he quit the horse while he was still on land and let him go alone. We met the horse with a rope as he came out and my partner tried him again, he done the same thing and into the river he went once more, but this time we was going to give him plenty of that water. We'd tied a long rope to the hackamore before opening the corral gate, and when my partner quit him and the horse jumped off we held him there in one spot, where he had to swim or drown and where he couldn't climb out. When we got thru with him and towed him down to where he could get out that horse had enough water in him to last him a month. He never jumped in the river again.

But if that horse was cured of high diving into deep waters, he wasn't cured of blind-bucking and stampeding. That river jump-off was just one little spot in his young life and there was plenty of country left where it was scary for a rider to be on top of him.

I was always leary when my partner would ride that horse thru thick timber, he might stampede and leave him hanging on a limb sometime, with a broken neck, or while riding along the steep side of a tall mountain, it was awful long ways down and where missteps meant more than tumbles.

That horse did buck and stampede at them places, time and time again, and one day I sees my partner *walking* in at the corrals, his clothes was all tore and blood was all over him, but he was grinning, and I grinned too, in thinking the horse had finally killed himself.

But no such luck, the horse had stampeded and fell, my partner had held him down, tied him there so he couldn't move and left him.

"Thought I'd give him a little time to think about mending his ways," he says.

He left him tied down for a few hours. Quite a punishment for a horse, about the same, I guess, as locking a kid up and sending him to bed hungry. Anyway, the tying down sure worked on that horse and when my partner rode him the next day he seemed anxious to keep his eyes open as to where he was going and he never did buck blind again that I know of.

I had a blind bucker in my string about that time too. Mine and my partner's must of been related and that orneriness must of come from one strain. I got a strong hint of him being a blind bucker at the first saddling. I'd no more than took the foot rope off and stepped on him when he swapped ends acrost the corral and back like it was all open country. Every time he'd come to one side of the corral he'd hit it, like as if he couldn't see it, and near knock himself out sometimes. When I rode him outside the corral at the third or fourth saddling he'd bump against ten-foot boulders like as if they was pebbles, and once he bucked right into a deep washout with me and piled up in there. I got so I quit taking chances on that bronk, he sure wasn't responsible as to where he went nor as to how he landed. His ambition was to get rid of me and he didn't care how he skinned himself or if he broke his neck while doing that, so I didn't try to dicker with him much. I used a draw rein on him and if there was a tree handy, which there most always was, I'd do my best to steer him into it and make him bump his head. I always kept him on as level places as I could too and used another gate out of the corral instead of the one that led to the edge of the river. I can't swim and I don't like too much water, wether on a boat or on a horse.

I rode that horse for about two weeks I guess, off and on and while I was breaking others, and in that time I couldn't see where that horse was improving in his blind-bucking and stampeding, if he was improving it was for the worst. Then one day, being that the grub was getting low at camp I thought I'd ride him over to the trading post and supply up. I had to take a pack animal to bring the grub back on, and knowing that my horse might bust loose most any time and make me lose the lead rope I tied my pack animal to my horse's tail, and short. My pack animal was a little Spanish mule and didn't lead very well, and right there was where I stumbled onto a way to handle my narrow-brained blind-bucker. Every time he'd lose his head and start something that little mule would yank back and set down. She was kind of hard to budge too, and all my bronk could do was to jump up and down in one spot. When he was thru with his acting up the mule would come along then and lead pretty fair till he busted loose again, then she'd set down some more.

I'd have to laugh at both the horse and the mule. The horse would kick to break away from that drag on his tail and the mule would hang back to keep away from his heels. It worked fine both ways and my bronk didn't get the chance to buck away blind with me no time. By the time I rode him to the trading post and back, pulling that mule, that bronk seemed to get a little sense and got so he used his eyes some when he spooked.

Well, that was the beginning of the end of that bronk's blind-bucking. The next time I rode him I called on the mule to help me once again. I put a heavy rope around her middle, tied it down between her front legs, run one end thru the halter ring and tied it fast to the bronk's tail, that way the mule could hang back good and not get a sore neck. After a couple of saddlings, with dragging the mule around that way, my bronk had got so he'd quit spooking and losing his head. When I rode him a next time, without the mule, he behaved like an angel, and he never blind-bucked with me again. And the queer part afterwards is that that bronk got chummy with the mule, the two was together all the time, the bronk and his anchor.

It was a couple of years later when I seen that same bronk entered as a bucking horse at a rodeo. Somehow or other, after me and my partner turned all the bronks over as broke and got the okay on 'em, that one had went back to bucking again, and so good that he wound up as a contest horse. I was sure glad I didn't draw him, even if there was a tall arena fence to ride him inside of. I didn't use to mind a good hard honest bucker, but I never liked them that went blind on the job.

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

ATHENS! Ever since the age of thirteen, when I began the study of Greek, I have seen this city from afar, seen it only with the eyes of imagination and desire. Now we are here. Every step we take in Athens has what Henry James used to call the double delight of surprise and recognition. The dream has come true; the reality is better than the anticipation; for as Browning says, "No dream is worth waking."

Although the winter in New England was the mildest on record, the day we sailed—19th of February—was bitter cold. The ship moved slowly down the incomparable harbor of Manhattan and the next day we were in Boston—the first time I had approached it from the sea, a far more picturesque approach than I had imagined. After some hours we got under way, and were soon out of sight of land. A stiff wind blew from the North Pole, and the ship rolled heavily. On the third day it was comfortably mild and seemed at times like a summer voyage. The Azores (see Tennyson) were interesting, but would have been more so had we seen them by daylight. We arrived in the evening, discharged a good many passengers and took on a few.

The best scenery during this two weeks' excursion was in the sky. Shortly before leaving home, I was called on the telephone and ordered to look at the stars. Going to the window I saw the young moon and Venus in conjunction. This was of course in the west. Crossing the ocean, going due east, I looked up and there was the more mature moon in conjunction with Jupiter—a guiding pair. Over the city of Lisbon hung the three brightest stars in the universe, Venus in the west, Jupiter in the east, Sirius in the south.

I had always wanted to see Lisbon, both for its own sake and because Henry Fielding is buried there. Had he lived one year longer, he might have had a more exciting death in the earthquake. In Lisbon they still call it an earthquake—one does not have to remember to say Fire. The harbor is superb. An entire fleet of battleships can perform manœuvres in the enclosure.

Many passengers on our ship were reading Lawton Mackall's witty and charming book, "Portugal for Two." And we were all hoping to see Lisbon, the little town of Belem, and Sintra by daylight. It was not to be. We came like a thief in the night, carrying two million dollars in gold, which were taken off the ship by Portuguese soldiers. We drove around the old city in the darkness, saw the magnificent cloisters of the cathedral by matchlight, and visited the crowded cafés and the densely populated boulevards. A fine city; and I recommend smokers to buy Brazilian cigars which are cheap and mild. Lisbon is full of interest; and be sure to read Mr. Mackall's book before, during, and after the visit.

Gibraltar must be picturesque in the sunshine; but we arrived at dusk, and only those who were to leave the ship permanently were allowed to get off. We had hoped to see the great cliff; but we slipped past in the night, so I cannot tell how accurate the Prudential picture is; later we had equally bad luck with the Ætna; the only company we verified was the Travelers.

At Cannes—our next stop, which we reached in the early evening—the weather was bitterly cold and the sea rough. Our next halt was at Naples. The bay of Naples is beautiful by day; we reached it by starlight, and later drove about the city in the night, and had the extraordinary view from the heights of the Hotel Bertolini. At about eleven the next morning we passed Stromboli, and as I was congratulating myself that here was one thing we saw by day, the deck steward told me it was more interesting by night. He does not yet know why I laughed. We went through the straits of Messina, where, as it were, you have Italy and Sicily to boot; but rain came on and the landscape faded.

Out of our cabin window we looked Friday morning and there was Greece! Wild and sombre, romantic, mysterious, the austere mountains all covered with snow. We landed at Patras on the west coast. We were told it had been raining steadily for five days and had been very cold; but we brought American sunshine, for it cleared off as soon as we landed, and during the next ten days Greek weather has been like early June at home. The moment I set foot on Greek soil, I knelt in reverence.

Greek railways need a publicity agent. No one seems to speak well of them. When we were told that it took eight hours for the train to go from Patras to Athens, about 135 miles, we were not encouraged. Now I should not care if it took twenty hours—the scenery is magnificent, and the journey from the west to the east coast begins and ends with Byron—he is still and with justice adored by the Greeks. Close to Patras is Missolonghi, where he died; and at Sunium, on the east promontory, is the pillar of the temple where he carved his name.

From the windows of the train the waters of the Corinthian Gulf, the gray-green olive trees, the dark green pines and cypresses, with the mighty barrier of snow-clad mountains, make an unforgettable spectacle. We came to Greece without the slightest interest in the scenery; we came only for its human, not for its natural, grandeur. But if Greece had never produced a single work of genius, it would be still well worth visiting for its glorious landscapes and seascapes. The entire country is spectacular.

It was fortunate for us that among our travelling companions on the ship were Professor and Mrs. Edward Capps of Princeton. More than forty years ago Mr. Capps and I were graduate students at Yale. For many years he has been one of the foremost classical scholars in America; and his services in connection with the Loeb library of classics —an undertaking of immense and permanent value—have been extremely valuable. But it was not until we entered Athens together that I realized his great reputation among native Athenians and resident American scholars. Their respect for his learning is equalled by their affection for the man.

Of course the majority of Americans come to Athens on a "Mediterranean

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Cruise" and they hardly have time to wander about at their own sweet will. They are shown the main sights by an experienced guide; which is a million times better than not coming at all. Every American who can possibly afford the expense—they can all afford the time—should see Athens. Here, in the fifth century before Christ, was the highest state of civilization that the world has ever known. So, even if one has only one day, that day will be unforgettable.

But we, with plenty of days at our disposal, are more fortunate. We went to the Acropolis with no teacher and no guide. The March air was suave; the intense blue of the sky was stainless. We *lived* in the Parthenon, in the Erechtheum, in the Wingless Victory. These buildings were not erected for architects, any more than Euripides wrote for professors; they were for us and we are specimens of the common people who love beauty. What perfect taste the citizens of Athens had in those ancient days! They were as perfect in grace as in sublimity. Their massivities were as free from vulgarity as their tenuities. The Parthenon is overwhelming in its solid and severe austerity, in its colossal grandeur; while the tiny Niké and the Caryatides on the Erechtheum are as lovely as a perfect miniature. Those Greek architects played with stone as Beethoven played with an orchestra; they could make stone look as immovable as the eternal cliffs and as fluid as running water. The only thing they could *not* do was to be pretentious or insincere or ugly.

It is well to look at the buildings on the Acropolis without any verbal accompaniment; as it is well to listen to music without trying to explain what it means. Let Beauty have her chance—there is a whole education in that. As the poet Flecker said, "The business of poetry (or art) is not to save men's souls, but to make them worth saving."

We arrived in Athens on a Friday. On the next day, thanks to my friend Professor Samuel Bassett of the American school, I had the privilege of seeing and hearing the foremost Greek citizen of the twentieth century, Venizelos. And it was a great occasion, one of the most important in many years. Parliament convened at half-past four. The royalists, few in number, sat at the extreme right, the Socialists and Communists at the left, and the Liberal majority in the centre. In front of the front row, the only persons to have desks, sat the Cabinet with Venizelos who is Prime Minister and President of the Council. The Presiding Officer rang a bell; the minutes of the last meeting were read; a few speeches were made by various members during which reading, writing, and general conversation went on freely. But the moment Venizelos was called to the Tribune, and began his address, there was absolute silence.

For many days in advance it had been understood that the Premier would on this occasion make a general statement of the financial policy of the Government, and deliver an ultimatum. I could feel the tense interest, the suppressed excitement, as he began to speak. He has a natural, unaffected dignity and sincerity that should and does impress every one who sees him. The whiteness of his beard is accentuated by a black skullcap, which, when the heat of the room became almost unbearable, he would remove to wipe his brow, head, and neck. As Casca remarked, his speech was all Greek to me; but I was filled with admiration for his manner. Rhetorical flourishes, declamatory gestures, shoutings, tricks of oratory, were conspicuous by their absence. He made this highly important address to a crowded Parliament and galleries as if he were speaking to a board of bank directors. His tones were quiet, matter-of-fact, the essence of plain, practical common sense. A master of his subject, I did not wonder at his commanding influence. Nobility, intelligence, knowledge, sincerity, integrity—in short, a statesman.

That there is a yellow press in Greece and that many are afraid of it would appear from a speech made by Venizelos in the Senate yesterday.

"Everybody here is in terror of the press; for the immunity of the press, which we are trying to remedy by a law recently voted, makes everybody shudder at the thought that a newspaper may penetrate into private and family affairs, and display in publicity not dirty linen but clean linen made dirty. From the most obscure citizen up to a member of Parliament, up to a minister, up to a party leader, everybody is afraid of the newspaper. For my part, I do not pretend to be better than others. I certainly have my faults, but they are compensated for by one characteristic; I am one of those rare Greek politicians who have never been afraid of the press." (Applause.)

In addition to the American, British, and other schools of classical studies at Athens, there is the admirable institution known as Athens College, not far outside the city limits, where several hundred Greek youths have a liberal education under the direction of Homer W. Davis, assisted by an able American faculty. With the exception of one course given in Greek, the whole curriculum is in English and I have the best of reasons for believing that our language is efficiently taught. The students have tremendous enthusiasm for the study of the English language and literature. A few days ago I gave a lecture there to three or four hundred Greek boys. They seemed to understand without the slightest difficulty everything I said and were quick in seizing every point. Before the lecture they sang the school song in English, written by Mr. Darbishire, one of the teachers; after the lecture they sang "My country, 'tis of thee" followed by the Greek national anthem in their native tongue. Then came a graceful compliment to Yale, with an episode in Yale's history entirely new to me. One of the teachers had discovered it. President Davis, in a felicitous speech gave the facts; and then one of the Greek students, in excellent English, handed me a large volume, "Modern Greek-English Dictionary," by A. Kyriakides, inscribed

"The students of Athens College present this Dictionary to the students of Yale University in grateful recognition of the aid given to the cause of Greek independence by students of Yale in 1823."

And here are the accompanying documents:

(From the *National Gazette* [Philadelphia] Dec. 18, 1823.)

I

"Yale College.
Dec. 13, 1823.

"Sir:

"We enclose the sum of $800 collected in the College for the use of the Greeks. We request you to receive it, and forward it, with other collections for this purpose, or appropriate it, in

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such other way as will most benefit the cause. We subjoin the Resolutions adopted at our meeting, and with the most ardent wishes for your success in this work of national benevolence, have the honor to be, Sir, your most obed't servants.

"In behalf of the Committee
To Wm. Bayard,
Chairman of the Greek Com. N. Y."

II

"New Haven Committee
Dec. 17, 1823

"A meeting of the citizens of N.H. was held on the 17 inst. to concert measure to aid the Greeks. Noah Webster was called to the Chair, and Charles H. Pond, appointed Secretary. A committee consisting of the following gentlemen was appointed to prepare resolutions to be presented at a future meeting:

Noah Webster
David Daggett
David C. DeForest
Charles Dennison
Chauncey A. Goodrich
Charles H. Pond
Roger S. Baldwin."

III

and the following from the *American Daily Advertiser* (Philadelphia), Dec. 26, 1823.

"The editor of the *Connecticut Mirror*, speaking of the patriotic donation to the Greeks from the students at Yale College, says:—'We hope that when the Greeks obtain their freedom, and have a chance to reward their benefactors, they will send out, to show their gratitude, an explanation of certain hard words and dubious expressions, which are now and then to be found in Lucian's Dialogues and Demosthenes' Orations, with a glossary of expletives, heteroclites, etc. which if they should arrive in middle college, of a hot afternoon, just before the bell rings for recitation, would to many, be peculiarly acceptable.'"

And here they are, all in this Dictionary, which I shall take back to Yale. No conceivable gift could have pleased me more than this tribute to the University which I have the honor to serve.

Coming over on the ship from America, it happened that there were three ladies whose fathers had been both United States Senators and Cabinet Members, not a very common combination. Miss Emily Proctor of Proctor, Vermont: Miss Florence Windom, whose father was the distinguished Senator from Minnesota and Secretary of the Treasury: Mrs. Russell A. Alger, whose father-in-law was Senator from Michigan and Secretary of War under McKinley.

It is interesting to watch the excavations in Athens. At the Agora, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Shear, we saw an amphora in perfect condition taken out of the ground where it had lain secure since 1000 B.C. They have made many valuable and exciting discoveries.

On the Acropolis with Professor Capps, we had the good fortune to meet the veteran savant Professor Belanos, who is in charge of the restoration of the Parthenon. He took us over the vast structure, explaining every detail.

Among recent books one of the most important is a biography of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, by Matthew Josephson; it is a tall volume of over five hundred pages, embellished with many portraits. It is probable that Rousseau is the most influential writer of modern times. Every political speaker, every play in the theatre, almost every form of oral or written expression, has something of Rousseau. This seems to prove —if any proof were needed—how much more mankind is moved by sentiment rather than by reason. In intellectual power and in general intelligence Rousseau, with all his genius, does not compare with Goethe or Voltaire or Benjamin Franklin; but his influence is much greater. Mr. Josephson has written with soberness of mind, with no straining for sensational effect, with no attempt to belittle or to exalt his subject. It is an excellent book. Good church-going people, who sing the hymn "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing," do not as a rule know that the charming *melody* was written by Rousseau.

Some readers of these pages may possibly remember that I praised with great ardor a book on England called "England—The Unknown Isle" written by an Austrian, Paul Cohen-Portheim. It is the best book on England by a foreigner that I have seen. And now appears another work by the same man, entitled "Time Stood Still," which describes his internment in England from 1914–1918. It has a compelling interest. He tells frankly and without any bitterness or rancor or patriotic feeling exactly what happened to him and his fellows in the internment camps in Great Britain. He bears no malice, he tries to prove nothing. But it is easy to see how he hates war. For, apart from the hideous tragedy of war, what a nuisance it is! The average man would like to mind his own business, follow his bent in the daily work, live in a reasonable amount of freedom with his wife and family—in short, be let alone. Then comes the accursed nuisance of war, interfering with everything normal and cheerful and intelligent and decent—the relapse to barbarism; a hideous, disgusting, all-pervading hellish irrelevance.

I do not know whether pessimists would feel better or worse if they read the autobiography of Elsie Janis written in the American vernacular. She calls it "So Far So Good" and seems to face the future in the same jolly frame of mind. She has courage and gusto and thoroughly enjoys life.

Those who are expecting to spend some of the summer or autumn in Italy would do well to read "Afoot in Italy," by John Gibbons, a fortyish Englishman who kept away from churches, museums, art-galleries, and without any knowledge of the language wandered among the by-paths of that magic land. His prose style is lacking in the distinction of H. V. Morton's or of Paul Cohen-Portheim's, but he is a civilized man and made good use of his time.

And here are some thrillers: "Cottage Sinister," by Q. Patrick, exhibiting a new method of murder; "The House Next Door," by Burton E. Stevenson, well planned and executed; "The Man from Sing Sing," by the ever-reliable E. Phillips Oppenheim; "The Fire at Greycombe Farm," by John Rhode, bringing back Doctor Priestley; and "Pirate's Purchase," by far the best collection of thrills that the popular Ben Ames Williams has provided.

So many interesting letters come every month that I wish I could print them all. Here is one from the distinguished English journalist S. K. Ratcliffe, who is also perhaps the finest public lecturer that London sends to America. He comments on my state-

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ment that I cannot think of any person whom I hate intensely or continuously.

"My dear Billy

"I said almost exactly this to A. G. Gardiner in the office of *The Daily News,* when I was leader-writing for him after the War. He replied that he was like that, and then added: 'But the other day I thought of a man, and said to myself: That man I really hate! And you'll find that you hate him too, when I give you his name.'

"Then—shouting with laughter—'For the life of me, I can't remember who he is'!

"If Gerald Stanley Lee makes the common mistake over Gandhi's name, why should you copy it in the extract? If perplexed, keep in mind two simple points. . . . (1) It does not rhyme with candy; (2) In Indian language, as in American, every h is sounded.

" 'To coach each summer.' I propose that you should use your powerful influence against the universal American practice of using Each for Every. Long ago Landor denounced it, enunciating the simple rule that Each is wrong, in general, except in sentences where people or things have been enumerated or at least mentioned."

From Donald A. Pollock, Sacramento, Calif.:

"On page 607, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, December, 'Life in the United States,' line 19, appears the word *envision.* About two months ago the same word appeared in the *Lit. Digest.* About a year ago a newspaper man on one of the big dailies used it.

"Is this an academic word? Why not *envisage* or *visualize?* I find it in no dictionary."

The Reverend Charles Wolfe Brower, B.D., Yale, 1886, of Interlachen, Fla., sends me a cutting from the *Sunday School Times,* for January 23, 1932, where, in a review of Doctor W. Y. Fullerton's book on the evangelistic worker J. W. C. Fegan, who did an enormous amount of good in city slums and elsewhere, a letter from Charles Darwin appears, which reveals not only the modesty and beauty of the great naturalist's character, but his real interest in any form of social welfare. As the letter may not have been read by all Scribnerians and as it ought to be, I quote it. Mr. Fegan was a pioneer in camps for boys and some fifty years ago he had a camp in a town in Kent where Darwin lived. Darwin had established a reading-room but it was not much used, and Mr. Fegan asked if he might take it for a week for evangelistic work. Darwin wrote:

"Dear Mr. Fegan

"You ought not to have to write to me for permission to use the reading room. You have far more right to it than we have, for your services have done more for the village in a few months than all our efforts for many years. We have never been able to reclaim a drunkard, but through your services I do not know that there is a drunkard left in the village. Now may I have the pleasure of handing the reading room over to you? Perhaps if we should want it some night for a special purpose you will be good enough to let us use it.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES DARWIN."

So many are interested in book-binding that I print the following note from a friend in Brooklyn:

"The Chivers Book-Binding Co. of Brooklyn was founded by Mr. Cedric Chivers, an Englishman, who, at the time of his death a year or so ago, was Lord Mayor of Bath, England, having been elected to that office for five consecutive terms. . . . It being necessary for social functions to have a Lady Mayoress, there being no Mrs. Chivers, Madame Sarah Grand, author of 'The Heavenly Twins,' occupied that position. Throughout England Mr. Chivers and Madame Grand were known as the Heavenly Twins."

From Orville H. Peets, whose work has been bought by the French Government for the Luxembourg, and who received the Gold Medal in the last international of the California Print Makers; he is a painter and etcher, residing in Woodstock, N. Y.

"Though an eye witness to the change in Woodstock from a school of American landscape to the imitation of the 'School of Paris' of which Thomas Craven speaks so scathingly, I am unable to say whether the change was, in the main, a voluntary act on the part of Woodstock painters or was imposed upon them by outside forces. There always seemed to me something like somnambulism in those who first took up with cubism. Perhaps this impression came from hearing persons, whom I knew to be weak in simple arithmetic, talk of the fourth dimension, and of that abracadabrante 'optical geometry' with which the mathematician Princet supplied the early French cubists. Even when relayed through American critics, the writers of the new movement were able to induce a sort of dialectic hypnosis: their argumentation was repeated almost verbatim by young painters who, normally, spoke almost another language. What would cubism have been without Appollinaire and a number of lesser writers, among them Jeanneret, who, under the name of Le Corbusier, took to writing on architecture when abstractionism began to fail?

"While Craven has been consistent, several critics, who have followed his lead in this battle for a more American art, have been among those most influential in fastening the École de Paris style on the American artist and public. This fact is disturbing. Nor am I quite at ease when reading Thomas Craven's magnetic prose. I am not sure exactly what I am afraid of. Perhaps I have, in another form, the fear of the Man on Horseback."

The FANO CLUB is well represented in Athens by Edward Maffitt, in the office of the Consul-General; and now comes a letter from the distinguished American scholar Curtis Hidden Page, which will be of interest to the three million persons who have seen the maid Wilson in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Doctor Page actually saw the original Wilson; and he saw Fano before I did, though I am the Founder and Perpetual President of the Club.

"Yes, I went to Fano *on purpose*—as part of a Browning pilgrimage all over Italy, before others had thought of it. From Florence over the Apennines, stopping at Gubbio on the way—and of course to San Agostino and spent an hour (at least) before the picture of the Guardian Angel. This was in 1900.

"Also to Ravenna; to Asolo where I had dinner with Robert Barrett Browning, and *Sarianna,* who told me much about the letters R. B. had written her

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on his first trip to Italy (1838), letters which he borrowed back from her toward the end of his life 'to look over again, I thought—and then he burned them all.' And I saw Wilson, who helped them run away in 1846, and lived in Italy ever since."

In the February issue, I quoted a clever remark made by a former pupil of mine, Henry G. Dodge, Yale 1905, about the people in the fair city of Phoenix, Arizona. He had stopped over to visit a friend there, on his way to California. But something in my letter made one correspondent think that Mr. Dodge was seriously ill. Upon reading over his letter and my excerpt therefrom, I realized once more the dangers of lifting a quotation from its context. I am glad to say that he has been and is now in splendid health.

NAMES OF BOOKS MENTIONED WITH THEIR PUBLISHERS

"Portugal for Two," by Lawton Mackall. Dodd, Mead. $3.
"Jean-Jacques Rousseau," by Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace. $5.
"Time Stood Still," by Paul Cohen-Portheim. Dutton. $2.50.
"So Far So Good," by Elsie Janis. Dutton. $3.50.
"Afoot in Italy," by John Gibbons. Dutton. $2.50.
"Cottage Sinister," by Q. Patrick. Roland Swain. $2.
"The House Next Door," by Burton E. Stevenson. Dodd, Mead. $2.
"The Man from Sing Sing," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown. $2.
"The Fire at Greycombe Farm," by John Rhode. Dodd, Mead. $2.
"Pirate's Purchase," by Ben Ames Williams. Dutton. $2.

In the April SCRIBNER'S the wrong price was quoted for "Letters of J. W. Carlyle to J. Neuberg." Oxford. *Corrected price*—$3.

THE HAPPIEST TIME

Continued from page 340

said it. So she even asked the judge about it and the judge said the same thing.

But had they been right? She wasn't sure. Maybe there are situations where there isn't a right way. You always think this is the right way and that is the wrong, but maybe not. No answer, no best way. It scared you to think that. Well, that was what W. J. seemed to feel. He hadn't wanted the divorce; he had wanted, she was sure, to have things go on as they were. And so did the woman—naturally, she would, a woman like that, used to keeping all she had and taking all she could get. It was her husband that made the trouble after he found out. Nobody could blame him of course, and yet he must have been a pretty mean man to do it the way he did, making it so hard for all of them with the scandal he stirred up. She pressed hard against the chair-back. Maybe if she went to that chiropractor in South Freeport he'd help the pain. She would go if it got worse.

Scandal. In all the family there'd never been anything like that. It was pretty hard. But why had she kept all those newspapers and shown them to Amy? Those others, the other pair, were real prominent people—that had been one of her charms, likely as not, for Will, poor fellow—and it was awful the way the papers wrote it up. She'd never get over that, never. But why did she show them to Amy afterward? Amy was only thirteen when it happened and she was all right up there on her grandmother's farm. So how, a few years later, did she come to give her those papers to read? She couldn't see how she'd come to do that. And it didn't bring Amy any closer. No, it seemed like it did just the opposite.

She better get Lily to make a mustard plaster, that sometimes helped the pain. She hoped she wasn't in for a long siege. Well, maybe things were better as they were. And yet—that woman, with Will—why sometimes she just couldn't believe it even now, couldn't stand the idea of it. And always wondering where he was, what he was doing, thinking if she could only be with him just once more, just see him and speak to him once. Will.

Besides, from the day he left them, nothing seemed secure. It was like sitting down on a chair with one leg gone. They were so unprotected. That was why she was glad for Lily to marry at nineteen, even an artist. Will didn't seem to like the idea when they wrote him and he sent back some questions by his lawyer: Was this man Lily wanted to marry a good sculptor? Did he have brains? Could he support Lily? She asked Lily these questions and Lily said she didn't know. And soon afterward they were married.

Of course nobody connected with her family had ever married an artist. It was quite a surprising thing. She didn't feel proud of it or ashamed. She took it as it came. After all, it wasn't any more surprising than anything else that happened, she didn't know why, in this life, and couldn't do anything about.

Lily came through the room carrying a breakfast tray. Mrs. Miller put her hand to her cap, straightening it, but she did not get up.

III

Amy didn't know if she'd wake up or not. Cold, her very eyelids were cold against her eyeballs when she rolled them back. And quickly, quickly slid away that sometimes-sense of soft delight, of all perfection, the dream she never could remember, bending out of consciousness like a sweep of skirt, a curve of fan unseen. Comfortable and uncomfortable it was under the heavy bed-clothes in that hollow-fitting-Amy that had made itself around her where she was doubled up so stiff and achey. But she wouldn't move till somebody brought her her breakfast. She might even sleep again now that the room, this room they didn't want her to sleep in, was getting bigger and bigger with gray mirrors down both sides and she so light she just floated. . . . Funny she hadn't known she could fly and flying so easy, so delightful. . . .

"Amy, wake up now. You've slept long enough."

Lily. All at once here in the dark room was sunlight coming through the open door, smell of fresh tea, Lily's light voice. She could even hear the snapping of the wood fire downstairs. And Lily so much Lily, pretty, with her arched

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brows half-mooning her face that way.

"It's as cold as hell in this house. It's cold simply because there isn't any coal. The first thing you know the pipes will freeze like they did last year."

"Is it late?"

"They'll burst and then where'll we be?"

"Is it late, Lily?"

"I don't know, I guess so."

She kept smelling the tea but did not move. Nice to take it down by the fire if only her mother and Thatch weren't there. "I suppose they're down there?"

"Oh, yes. Thatch is telling mother how to make ten thousand dollars out of ten cents or something."

Lily's lips saying this didn't quite break into a smile and there was that equivocal look in her eyes Amy knew so well. She felt suddenly wrung with irritation. Those two, down there talking like two fools! "Well, she can tell him how to make ten millions out of sea-waves *or* sea-wind *or* sea-smell . . ."

"Hush, Amy, look out."

Their mother's footsteps were on the stairs. She crossed the landing in her brisk uncertain way and there was her small bulk in the doorway, filling its familiar pyramidal space in the light.

"Well, well, is the girlie awake at last?"

Amy looked away. Why, oh why did her smile have to be so eager? And now the kissing. . . . Her mother crossed the room—clumsiness of small stout form with its shapely legs and arms but somehow unwieldy. Unease, unease crisped her, lying in bed. And her mother, bending forward, dragged her sleeve through the cream, brought close her mother-smell of fading flesh. Amy felt a nervous line run up her forehead. Her mother's lips were on her cheek and the greedy nibbling kisses went through to her back-bone. "Mother, for heaven's sake, look out for the cream."

Mrs. Miller, smiling, straightened up. One hand was pressed against her back. In the other were letters. She waved them brightly. "I guess I've got something here she'll be glad to have."

"Why? There's nobody I want to hear from." She did not look at the letters and after a moment her mother laid them on the tray.

If she just wouldn't stand there watching with her eating eyes. Amy put out her hand to take the teapot.

"Mercy on us, girlie, that bare arm!" Her mother seized the dressing gown that lay across the foot of the bed and bundled it about her shoulders.

Amy couldn't—it was something that overcame her. She snatched the dressing gown and threw it back where it had been. But it slipped from the bed to the floor. Well, that was not intended. Too much to throw it on the floor. Her cheeks burned.

Her mother did not pick up the wrapper. She walked to the window. Still smiling, she was. She stood there pounding her back and gas came up with a loud sound.

"Excuse me, girls. Look at that train over there crossing the bridge. The smoke's as white as snow. So pretty in the sunlight."

An ache, an ache in Amy's throat. Never mind. Nothing is anything.

Lily: "Really, mother, why does Amy have to sleep in this *awful*——"

Talk, talk, talk. Of course Lily would have to begin about this everlasting room. Couldn't they understand all she wanted was a place to herself?

"The very idea of anybody—and no radiator . . ."

"For heaven's sake, Lily, shut up." Lily just began about the room to stir things up because she knew their mother wanted Amy in with her.

Mrs. Miller said nothing. She had been holding the paper in the hand that was pressed to her back. Now she took hold of her glasses and pulled out the little chain. She put them on and began surveying the paper.

Lily thrust her face close to the looking-glass and stared at her skin. "My skin's awful. It's an awful color." Lily knew her skin was beautiful and creamy, but she liked to go on that way. If only they'd go away, both of them. Only leave her alone.

Over at the window Mrs. Miller pounding her back, raised up and down gently on her toes. She began to read aloud, speaking slowly and distinctly, her voice proclamatory—her way of reading aloud.

" . . . Governor of Oklahoma operated for goitre. Fortune found in wooden leg . . ."

Lily looked over her shoulder at Amy and raised her brows. The gesture was a whip laid to her exacerbation.

"Mother—for God's sake! Can't I even eat my breakfast in peace!"

Mrs. Miller's voice died away but she held the paper before her eyes as if she were reading. Perhaps she was. Amy couldn't swallow her toast but she took a mouthful of tea. She felt as if her head were going to ache. Mrs. Miller went on looking at the paper and her lips moved, forming words silently. But after a few moments she took off her glasses, rolled them up and began humming vaguely as she looked down at the sparrows Amy could hear quarrelling under the window. Then, with her head a little on one side, her arm swinging—the way she walks, Amy thought—she went awkwardly out of the room.

Yes, her head almost ached. She shouldn't have read so late last night. It was late reading did it. Lily was saying something, but she didn't hear what it was and Lily went out too. From the landing Amy heard her call downstairs affectionately to her mother.

Tea, well, tea helped one's head. Lily made it strong, she made good tea. Those two letters, Amy had seen from the envelopes they were from Margy Lovet and Tom Sturges. Disappointing. And yet what letters could she have got she would have liked better? Funny how excited she'd be now if one came from Jim Harvey, whereas before, when she was so sure of him, she didn't care. Margy's letter first because being a girl she was just that much more boring than Tom. But she didn't read it through. It was all about what everybody was doing and she didn't care what any of them were doing. Didn't care if she ever saw any of them again. Then Tom's.

" . . . and if you could see poor little me sitting all alone and wondering what you are doing. I guess maybe though you're sending me a little thought by wireless, are you? Oui? Non?" (Absurd!) "You wouldn't know me now, I've taken off five pounds and four ounces. I haven't got an ounce of superfluous flesh and feel as fit as I look, I mean as everybody says I look. Old Dunne down at Doc Flynn's says there's not an ounce of superfluous flesh. The perfect man, ha, ha. There was a swell binge Sat. night, I took

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Lil Johnson—now, don't get excited. I . . ."

In the bathroom was an electric heater. It wasn't bad to dress in there. She took her clothes, silk combination—Land sakes, girlie, you ought to have something warmer next to you—stockings, old dress over her arm and went into the bathroom. The only trouble was they got dampish from the steam when the bath was running. How cold it looked outside. Blue cold, hollow winter over everything. Trees so bare, twigs brittle, iced, snap in your fingers. Superfluous flesh, Lil Johnson, and he thought Amy liked him! Well, she had to do something. She couldn't just sit around and let people think she wasn't having a good time. A girl couldn't.

When she got into the tub and started letting the water run hotter and hotter she felt as if it would never get hot enough. And she never wanted to get out either. If she had a book she'd lie there and read. Steam felt funny in your throat. If they could only afford to go to Europe. If they could only go over to France or Italy or somewhere, something wonderful would be sure to happen. Margy Lovet's cousin met an Englishman on the boat and they got married and went to East Africa to live on a ranch. Where the blue begins . . . Or maybe she might get a job of some kind. But there was about that something she couldn't understand—a kind of shrinking. Ever since she began to grow up there had been fear and something more than fear. After what's happened, girlie, we must be so careful, we must be so quiet. Her mother's fear, her mother's shame, they had done something to her, put some chain on her and she didn't know how to throw it off.

No clean bath towel. Which was Lily's? If she had to use somebody's she certainly hoped it would be Lily's. Anyhow, Margy was going to have somebody's flat in New York that winter and wanted her to come. She wouldn't go if there was anything else to do, but it was better than here. She wished Arthur Luce wasn't married. She wished this Paul Brown who always came to see her when she was at Lily's was more attractive. Paul Brown! He wasn't as tall as she was and when he ate Welsh rarebit he tossed a soda mint in his mouth after every bite so he could digest it. Even Jack Lacey was better than Paul Brown.

In this light she looked pretty. In some lights she was pretty, in some not. That made her feel uncertain. Sometimes she thought she was all right but when she was with girls who were beautiful it made her think she wasn't pretty at all. Too thin. Well, she was restless. If she only knew what to do. If there were only somebody she could ask what to do and how to find what would make her happy. Surely something wonderful must be coming to her. She had always felt that and yet, right along with that feeling was the other, darker, deeper, the feeling that nothing ever would, that everything would go wrong for her, she would just miss, just fail, perhaps because she wanted too much to be happy. But she mustn't think that. Maybe this winter when she went to stay with Margy she'd meet somebody wonderful, her destiny!

That book last night. Steer north, he said, when he heard his love had sailed south. Terribly she had felt when she read that and thrilled too. That was the way it had to be. A great love like that couldn't just end in banal satisfaction. No, it wasn't happiness after all that mattered, what mattered was for life to be noble and fateful and—and *important,* the way it was in books, some books—his. Tragic they were, but they made her feel wonderful. She didn't give a cent for books that ended happily.

Dear Mr. Conrad, when I read your books everything in the world is different, is all right. But he was dead. And even if he weren't, she wouldn't dare write to him, a great man like that. A kind of god.

In books there was a kind of pattern, a harmony. Not like her own life, where everything was so mixed up, so meaningless.

IV

"Hello, little sister, up and at it so early?"

"I don't know about the early," her mother answered for her, looking up to smile tenderly at Amy.

Mrs. Miller sat by the fire with a paper spread over her knees. She was eating peanuts, cracking them with a snap and chewing the nuts vigorously with her beautiful teeth. She put the shells in the paper on her lap.

"You know they're bad for you, mother," Lily said, looking from the peanuts to Amy.

Mrs. Miller smiled self-accusingly and shook her head. "I spec they are, but I just don't seem to be able to resist. It's the same way with pop-corn. One bite means more. It's the salt, I guess."

Amy went to the bookcase and began looking at the titles. Always the same old books and none she wanted to read.

"French fried potatoes, too, and chips—you never know where to stop."

Well, there was this Cellini that had been there ever since Lily was married. She'd try that.

"So what about it?" Thatch asked Lily.

"What about what?"

"Do you want me to go to town or don't you?"

"Why do you ask me? It isn't what I want or don't want. That's not the question at all."

"But look, honey, maybe old Adolphson hasn't sold anything."

"Maybe he hasn't and maybe he has. If he hasn't, you better look for a job when you get in town."

"Job? I got a job now, more'n I can handle."

"You better look for a real job. Who's going to pay for the coal?"

"Say, let up on all this, can't you?" He pouted out his lips and looked severely at Lily. Then suddenly he laughed. "Let me put you onto something, little sister. Don't you ever marry any old artist." He strolled over to where Amy was sitting. She thought, he doesn't want to go to New York, he's just killing time. "Don't you ever marry an artist. All you'll get to eat is bills."

When he fastened his eyes on her like that and began talking nonsense, she didn't know what to say.

"In fact, I got a theory. I've got a theory there ought to be a law against sending bills. I'm going to get it put through the Legislature. Hygienic grounds, see?" He straddled a chair, still looking at her. "The arrival of bills, especially bills marked with offensive legends in red or purple ink, is dangerous. They cause a shock to the nervous system, slow down productivity, impede metabolism and assimilation, cause acidity in the blood, discord in holy wedlock . . ."

Lily began to play the piano. When

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she improvised, her eyes had less thought in them than ever. Her pencil-thin fingers roamed over the keys automatically and she took the same part in the conversation she did when she wasn't playing.

"I don't know why I say holy wedlock." Thatch raised his voice. "Do you hear me, honey? I don't know why I say holy . . ."

"Neither does anybody else," Lily observed.

"Lock is all right, that part of it is O. K., wed-lock, yale-lock, pad-lock, lock and key . . ."

"Maybe you'll find it easier to get unlocked than you want."

Amy opened her book and pretended to read. She hoped he'd take the hint and let her alone. He lighted a cigarette, and drew the smoke deep into his lungs, blowing it out in a leisurely way around his face. It was much thinner when it came out than when it went in. He is thinking up something else to begin on. Suddenly he leaned forward and pointed out of the window.

"See that snow out there, Amy? You think it's blue, don't you, or blue-white?"

He looked at her searchingly and she felt compelled to raise her eyes to the window. "Well, I don't know."

"But look." He held his thumb against the landscape and screwed up his eyes. Her mother cracked a nut and then stopped chewing to lean forward and see what Thatch was pointing out. "You think it's blue, but it's not. It's red. Do you know why?"

Amy felt a kind of crawling all over the top of her head. She began thinking about a number of things rapidly. To-day, Thursday, the Luces, maybe Arthur would be home if she walked that way, but later, so they wouldn't think she'd come for lunch. Blue suit with the fur she'd wear. Margy Lovet wouldn't come for a month or maybe longer. Her mother's breath as she leaned forward to look out of the window, peanut-flavored.

"It's for the same reason that when you're looking down hill, see, you sometimes think you're looking up. The human eye, the ordinary eye, untrained . . ."

She got up abruptly. She took her book and walked to the kitchen. As she went she heard Thatch's talk going on. He had transferred his explanations to their mother. She went into the kitchen and shut the door. Quiet here, so still, so different. The little clean room was filled with sunshine, the stove warm like an animal breathing out heat. One lid was tipped back to check the fire and she could see the coals like burning flowers dissolved in color—rose-red, gentian-blue with little banana-tipped flames. The kettle made a thin squealing and Lily's cat was folded up asleep on the chair.

Soft his body against her cheek, she smelled the clean cat fur, felt the gentle rise and fall of his breathing. She wanted to take him in her arms and hug him tight, with all her strength, but that wasn't quite it either. Not the cat. If there were only some person to hold like that, to be held by. Not the lover way, something different, a person on whose breast you could let yourself rest in tenderness and safety. Something she knew and didn't know . . .

He was purring now. Delicately he shifted his position to warn her not to be excessive. Her arms were round him but not too hard, he wouldn't like it; her head rested on him but didn't really rest on him, he would think it too heavy. Softly he put forth a paw and laid it on the palm of her hand.

"Amy, girlie, you out here?"

Her mother. She got quickly to her feet.

"You out here, girlie?" She came into the kitchen, her face wearing its sweet indulgent smile. "With her book and her cat, I spec."

Amy felt something tight in the pit of her stomach. Couldn't she let the book and the cat alone?

Her mother picked up a towel and hung it on the rack. "I was thinking of going over to your Aunt Rose's."

"All right."

"Thatch isn't going to New York till to-morrow. If I went to-day I'd have to go the whole way alone."

Amy said nothing.

"You wouldn't care to go with me I suppose?"

"No."

"I'd be coming back Sunday, that is, if you went," she said wistfully.

"Well, I'm not going." To Aunt Rose's—and in Flatbush! Wouldn't you think she'd know without asking?

V

Outdoors it was white, cold and still. The stillness so complete it gave a feeling of caution, secretiveness. The sky was covered, the air like a bath of cold water. And with the door shut behind her, everything was changed. She had shut them away inside and suddenly they didn't exist and she was alone. Nothing human in this imperishable scene except Thatch's footprints that stood out black, somehow significant on the dead white covering. Human footprints were something special, you might almost hear them if you listened hard in all this quiet. She stood a moment looking at them, queer double oval shape, not like any other, in pairs, pointing away from each other. Footprints that come and go and are still. She started down the path under the oaks.

She had wanted to get away from them and be alone and yet aloneness wasn't quite right either, so big around her, filled with a sense of something wanting, something near but not to be seized like a wireless current in the air so empty. Wireless—that Tom Sturges! Above her, rust-colored leaves clung to the branches and each of these had its second self made of snow, other body, astral body. Pooh, that friend of her mother's who made horoscopes and wrote with a ouija board! How could people believe in things like that? Or even in God and the spirit and after life? She didn't believe anything, like her father.

On the ground under the snow, leaves too. Some curled through the top and cut dark, leaf-shaped openings, little caverns, into the mysterious underworld of the snow. On the main road frozen ruts showed black through the white and she walked where the snow was deepest. She had on her high overshoes, and it was nice to feel her feet in snow but cozy and safe from it.

First to the post-office just for some place to go, then home by way of Luce's. Maybe Arthur would be there. She began to look for a mirror outside one of the shops. She had on her jacket cut like a Russian blouse with fur around the peplum, very chic and citified. Maybe too citified but more becoming than her tweed. But in the village shops were no mirrors. The sidewalks weren't even cleared, only a path trampled

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out in the middle and the snow soot-blackened and yellowed by dogs, heaped on both sides.

Chocolate creams—the kind they always have in village groceries, with a walnut on top. And it was nice inside the shop, dark and cluttered, with oil lamps burning beside the green vegetables to keep them from freezing and that smell that was always the same—blend of kerosene, apples, coffee, mice. Post-office dreary by comparison, suffocating with steam heat and a flat reek of ink and wet overshoes. No wonder the clerks were cross. She thought they must notice how fresh she was, pink-cheeked and redolent of snow air.

The Luces lived a little way out of town and when she turned into their road she saw Arthur standing outside the house talking to somebody inside a car. He saw her and waved, and a man leaned out of the front seat and looked. He pulled off his hat and smiled. She was near enough to see it was a nice smile. He threw open the door and was getting out when a gloved hand took him by the arm.

"But I like her looks, I owe it to myself——"

The hand held him and he disappeared into the car. The automobile started with a jerk. It was a touring car with curtains, and she couldn't see inside. Anyhow, he had said he liked her looks. That was good.

"That's that crazy Harry Royce," Arthur said.

"I don't know him."

"Well, I guess you will."

"Who is he?" But she didn't listen to what he said. She was thinking about Arthur, especially about his light eyes under their heavy lids and the slow and at the same time alert way he moved and spoke. She wished he'd fall in love with her and ask her to run away with him. She'd do it in a minute. But he was provokingly impersonal.

"Is Winnie home?"

"I don't know, won't I do?"

"Maybe you have to work or something."

"No light," he said, lifting his sleepy glance to the sky.

She liked him so much it made her shy. They walked up the three box-like steps to the front door. It was a little old door that sagged, the beams were low and ran down hill and there wasn't much light because of the small panes.

"Win'll be along. Sit down, Amy."

She was looking at a picture. "Something new of yours, Arthur?"

"No, my little boy did it."

She was chagrined. "I'm sorry. It's because I'm so ignorant." But she had always tried to talk to him as if she weren't ignorant, as if she knew and cared a lot about painting.

"That's all right. He can do some things at five better than I can."

"Could you explain?"

"What about a little drink?"

"I don't know. What have you got?"

"I can make an orange blossom."

She took off her coat. Arthur came back with a pitcher full of something that tasted bad. A log in the corner chimney consumed itself without sound or movement. Arthur talked. He always talked the same way, so low she could hardly hear him, and vague. Why he painted this way and not that. Nietzsche came into it, she never knew quite why. She had bought "Thus Spake Zarathustra" because Arthur talked about it, but she couldn't get interested or make it out at all. Gaugin was more interesting, his life, that is. That was the way, fling open the doors, march gorgeously away to your destiny. She'd do it in a minute if she had one—a destiny. The trouble was, she thought, rather amused at the idea, there wasn't enough temptation. Most people didn't get a chance. Also she kept thinking she'd like to tell him all about herself. About Jim Harvey, how crazy he'd been about her and how she didn't know why she'd treated him as she had or whether she was sorry or not. She'd thought he'd always be there waiting, no matter what she did, and he wasn't. And so on. But Arthur wouldn't be interested.

Winnie came home. How nice it was here, she envied Winnie. They asked her to stay for dinner but she didn't want to outstay her welcome, to have Arthur get tired of her. She wouldn't even let him walk home with her for that reason. And all the way back in the dark she felt pleased and excited and sad. Arthur. She didn't think about what he said, but about his eyes and whether he was really fond of Winnie and why. She hoped he wasn't.

The night was purple and cold. Lovely. The icy stillness was like cold fire, maybe it was her blood running so warm. Wings beat close and she felt tears when she saw yellow points of lamplight in the sapphire clarity of the night. Too soon home, the dull lump of the house raising its bulk against her. And as soon as her feet were on the stairs the door was flung open and her mother stood waiting. She looked almost gigantic against the lamplight.

"Well, it's herself at last. Mercy sakes, girlie, we was beginning to worry."

Was—and of course she had to be there, watching, waiting, blocking the entrance, no way to get round her, to escape the fuss, the kissing. Her mother's hands reached for her and from their groping her body shrank with violence. Strangeness, old familiar strangeness, sense of something impending, sweat starting to the palms of her hands and a coldness in the pit of her stomach. She hurried past her into the kitchen and began telling Lily about Arthur and Winnie and Harry Royce.

Once in a Pullman car, looking out of the window. Once before that when she was ill and had waked in a hospital room. Always when she was wide awake. Perhaps other times but Amy had forgotten, quite forgotten them all. There was a road. The road was high and dusty and ran along the mountainside above the sea. Here and there was a cheap white villa, like pasteboard, with closed shutters, set in a dusty garden among ravelled palms; or the kind of foreign-looking tavern she had never seen except in pictures. On the right the hills rose steeply. They were bare and mottled with spots of dark green where coarse shrubs grew and open sandy spots. White clouds drifted along the summit and the sky was bluest where it came close to the ridge.

She stopped the autobus and got out. The bus went rumbling away making a great noise and leaving a smell of dust and gas. The noise and the fumes faded. It was very still. She could hear the sea and smell it, and smell the pungent sweet odor of herbs. The wind bent the grass and shook frantically the tough little plants with tiny blossoms and woolly silvery leaves. Then, just as she knew it would, the carriage came. It was drawn by a lean white horse, not quite white but freckled with brown spots. The driver had a big mustache and spoke a strange lan-

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guage she understood. She got into the cab and pointed upward.

It was a long climb. You couldn't see the convent from the road, but the driver knew well where it was. And at last there was the blue archway. Now she felt at home and told them at once she had come to see the mother superior. They were not speaking any language she ever heard of, but she was entirely familiar with it.

"What name shall I give?" the nun asked, the nun whose face Amy never saw, who had perhaps no face.

"Tell her a pilgrim."

Beyond the blue arch a courtyard, the dim stone passageway and at last the little door. Her very heart knocking against the door and then, all at once, from dark into the room brilliant with the whiteness of light on stone; into the stone forest of slender pillars supporting the groined stone ceiling that came down in arches. And in the dazzling window daylight *she* is sitting. Fainting, you see her. She looks small in the stone chair raised on its dais above the floor, dressed in her nun's robes. Fragile and old and her eyes that were once blue are white and hallucinated. But the stillness about her is charged with her power. All care, all uncertainty fall from you. The sorrow you have known becomes nothing. You are pure joy.

"Mother, mother," you cry and you can say no more. Your heart is too full, love gushes from it, pours through your veins fructifying you like holy rain.

"My daughter." Ah, those words sinking deep into the very waters of your life. "My daughter, why have you come?"

"For you to put your hand on me and give me grace."

Trembling you sink to the ground, dissolved in light and love, your face upraised. Quicker than words can tell she pulls you toward her, opens her knees. You are jerked close, drawn inward toward her womb. Now, now the horror! With darting hand she has struck you blind, she has plunged her claws into your breast, your heart. Her teeth are become fangs, she has no eyes, only a slobbering and ferocious mouth. She is the witch, she is hate and terror. Hate, hate, hate.

Here, there and everywhere you rush, snatching up the treasure of the nunnery. You tear the gold and jewels from their hiding-places, and throw them into the sea—violating, hating, destroying, lost in your fury and your despair.

VI

"I wish I had a colonial desk right there instead of that thing. I mean as long as I've got all this stuff. Winnie says it's too bad, as if I didn't know it. They can't have modern in that stuffy little farmhouse but I could have had. I wish I had a fur coat like hers. Her mother-in-law——"

It was nice this way with Thatch and their mother both gone. The hot fire burned her cheeks and at the same time she could smell the frosty coldness of the rest of the house. A lovely winter morning, firelight leaping in the brasses and polished woodwork of the piano, Lily's talk like a little engine idling.

"—her mother-in-law gave it to her. Arthur couldn't give her anything. Only I'd have brown fur. But I don't know what kind of brown fur . . ."

Amy felt like laughing. "Why not mink?"

"Mink's too expensive."

"Well, as long as you're only wishing . . ."

"No, listen, I saw a coat the other day . . ."

Amy was thinking it would be nice to have a party while their mother was gone. No telling when she would come back when she went to Aunt Rose's. She always thought she'd come soon but she never did. They'd have a party and ask Arthur. They couldn't ask that Harry Royce though, not till he came to call. But he would come soon, she thought.

Lily was pleased with the idea of asking Arthur and Winnie to dinner and she said if she had them she just had to have the Tates. Amy didn't like the Tates, but she didn't care much. Tate was hard, she thought, and common. He was old, too, forty-five or so, and rich and owned a factory. He liked to be with artists. He and his wife gave big parties with good food and lots to drink. That's why people were nice to them. She wouldn't be. Well, maybe she would be. She knew she didn't like to be left out of things.

Lily was wondering what they'd have. "I'll tell you, we'll have asparagus."

"Isn't asparagus pretty spense?"

"What's the dif if you haven't got any money? Mushroom soup, asparagus with hollandaise, I can make fine hollandaise, and then I guess a roast. Thatch loves a good roast beef."

"I can make a new pudding," Amy said, "fresh pineapple, whipped cream, maraschino . . ."

"Wait, I'll make a list."

"Hadn't you better ask them first?"

"Oh, they'll come. Arthur and Charlie Tate are crazy about you."

Lily was always saying things like that, she liked to believe pleasant things for other people. Still, Amy wished it was true that Arthur was crazy about her. "Lily, you know that Mr. Tate hates me." She wouldn't deign to call him Charlie.

"They're afraid of you, that's all. They know you're cleverer than they are."

"That would naturally make them crazy about me." But she felt disappointed.

"Wear your red, darling, and listen, lend me your little blue, will you?"

"Well . . ." Amy hated to lend her things. She knew she wasn't generous like Lily. Besides, Lily would look so pretty in it, prettier than she would. How horrid she was. But Arthur was always saying how pretty Lily was and it depressed her. And she never told Lily he admired her looks.

Lily called up Winnie and the Tates and they said they'd come. Then she called up Schroeder and gave him the order, and told him to send them please. "What? C. O. D.? Oh, no, Mr. Schroeder, charged as usual." A moment later the receiver clicked and Lily came into the room. Her face looked different. "He won't send them. He says we can't buy anything more unless we pay for it."

All at once when Lily said this, everything was changed. Amy felt a little sick. Nothing like it had ever happened to her. At home they had very little, but they always paid their bills, the very day. They lived like that. This was too humiliating, and it made her feel afraid. She felt sorry for Lily and sorrier for herself. She wished she was somewhere else, where there was security, plenty of money, where life was smooth and magnificent—something, something not like this.

Lily consoled herself by becoming indignant. "The idea of his daring—

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Thatch will be furious—Thatch will speak to him . . ."

But they would have the party anyhow. Amy would buy everything and pay cash and when Schroeder saw how much ready money Amy had, he would be good and sorry.

It was always nice in the kitchen when Lily was getting dinner, but she couldn't forget right away, the way Lily did. Lily was as gay as if nothing had happened, but a kind of uneasiness hung over her. She kept thinking, too, about Jim Harvey. Lily had asked about him and she hadn't been able to tell Lily he was going to be married. She didn't want them to think he'd got tired of her first. He hadn't, she started it. Now, when anything went wrong, like to-day, she thought maybe she'd like to have him back.

Twilight came early. They heard the five o'clock train whistle and soon she saw Thatch coming along the path from the road. He looked very black against the snow that had turned a ghastly blue in the dusk. She could hear his feet squeaking and crunching in the snow. Lily was standing at the sink when he opened the door and she turned and looked at him. He looked at her too, a coy, sheepish look that Amy knew and that she couldn't bear.

"Hello, honey," he said.

"Hello." Lily, she saw, was being non-committal.

He went to her and kissed her. "Glad to see me, honey?"

"I don't know whether I am or not."

"Don't you know that, honey? I do. I know you're glad to see me." He put his arms around her and looked at Amy over her head. "Hello, little sister."

Lily pushed him away. "What did you do all day?"

"Say, what is this, third degree?"

"Did you get a job?"

"Job? What job? I got a job already, haven't I?"

"Well, what did you do?"

All this talk about a job—it wasn't anything. It just didn't mean anything.

"What did I do? I brought you a little present, sweetheart."

Lily softened. She wanted to see her present.

"It's a bottle of gin, sweetheart."

Lily dropped the potato she was slicing. "Gin—golly I'm glad. Now we'll all have a little drink before the party."

Little drink—she wished Lily wouldn't use that expression.

"Do I get another kiss for that?"

With the bottle in her hands Lily held up her face, but only permitted a brief kiss. Amy knew she was saving it all up about Schroeder and would burst out scolding sometime, when she felt in the mood. Now she was feeling in other pockets, looking at him coquettishly. "What else you got? Got any vermouth? Lily likes vermouth with her gin."

Miles from her, Lily suddenly became. Amy was alone. This was the Lily created by Thatch, or perhaps created by Lily because of him, even against his preference. How can you tell what one person does to another? At any rate, this was the Lily Thatch had, half little girl, half tyrant over a man who loved her too much, so much she could take any liberty.

"Vermouth? What about vermouth? No, I haven't got any, but I got something else." He took out a small bottle of green mint.

Lily was delighted. "I'll make the coffee in the glass percolator—Winnie never makes her coffee strong enough—and we'll——"

"And look, honey," he put on a rueful smile, "I got these too." He took four rumpled dollar bills out of his pocket and began smoothing them on the sink. "Four awful little lonely ones."

Lily made no comment. She did not look at the money. Amy knew she would not quite acknowledge it was there or ask herself where he got it. She went on talking rapidly. She'd have another cocktail and maybe begin scolding about Schroeder. She'd scold and stamp her feet and it wouldn't be serious or get anywhere.

Thatch began a rambling tale. Amy knew nothing had been sold but from what he said you wouldn't have known that or anything. He talked that way, round about, purposely confused, perhaps because he never had anything Lily wanted to hear to tell her. Poor Thatch—he was a good fellow.

"Have another little drink, Amy?"

She shook her head. Standing by the window she could feel the outside air sharp as a knife. Back of the livid snow stood the blue-brown woods still and dark and rising smokily to a fume of fine bare twigs. And beyond the woods all around, the world, great cities, foreign countries. She seemed to see it all quite plain.

VII

"It's a question of balance, one form creates another, see? In a way——"

Arthur's voice seemed to Amy gentler, harder to hear than ever although he was sitting beside her on the sofa. Across the room Winnie's nose was drawn too long in the lamplight, her face too narrow for her big hips and breast.

That was what was nicest about Lily's, the lamps, kerosene lamps. Like a farmhouse, real farm, far away and long ago. Small dim house crouched, folded in on itself, a little blot in the darkness of the prairie, only for the shining window, when they drove up, she and her father, to stay all night. One of the farms her father owned. Queer smell, dim lamplight, woman cooking in bare feet, and the floor was dirt. She, the little princess, daughter of the owner, wouldn't eat food cooked by a woman with bare feet in a dirt-floored room. Wouldn't touch it. The woman's very voice, guttural, repelled the princess, father's darling. Children with brown faces and sun-whitened hair were there, dressed in funny clothes that smelled like the house. She would have nothing to do with them. And a man in tall boots talking, talking, loud and guttural. She fell asleep in her father's arms, thin arms, delicate, fine-featured face, face she understood with her blood, rising above her in the yellow lamplight, her head in perfect love on his breast. Ah—a consuming something, hunger, emptiness? Arthur, do you think I'm nice? Only she couldn't ask him that. He was always talking about pictures.

Lily sat at the piano, so pretty, wearing her old black. She hadn't asked for the blue again, and Amy hadn't offered. Pain in remembering that, unease. Greedy, she was greedy for everything, for Arthur, for Harry Royce, for more of something, of everything. Her own dress so beautifully red. She put her hand on it and it was as if some of the burning color flowed into her.

Jack Tate stood beside Lily, with his grim silly mouth that shut like a steel trap. And look at Lily gazing up at him, nodding her head in time. She was

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picking out the accompaniment and pretending to be interested in the old-fashioned tune. He sang it whenever he had a lot to drink. I love you as I never lo-hoved before, When first I saw you a-hon the village green. And he always said: School teacher sang it when I was a kid, maybe I was kinda in love with that school teacher. Steel trap mouth putting on a sentimental grin. Apologetic and arrogant at the same time: There's something a little wrong with me but I could buy and sell all of you. He and Sally were nothing inside. They boasted to the artists of having got in with the old families, the real people of South Freeport, and to the real people they boasted—apologetically—of having got in with the artists. Lily was too easy-going. She, Amy, hated people unless they were something.

As I never lo-hoved before . . . so you make a world on canvas . . . lamplight, wishing of bodies approaching each other with social grimace, retreating, watching . . . and when she heard a car coughing and grinding up the drive, she knew at once who it was. Headlights swept the windows and went out. The noise stopped. It was queer to see come into the hall the very person she had known would at that moment come in. Over Lily's head Harry looked into the room and at her.

Lily was short and he was tall and thin. Down below him Lily's vivacities sputtered. Lily, so really other, why did she hang that worn-out girlishness around her approaches? People should always be at their proudest.

"How nice you look, Harry, you've got on that tweed I love. Thatch, why haven't you got a tweed that color? Harry, I'm so glad you came. Where's Isabel? I'll telephone Isabel . . ."

"No, don't, I don't want her. I said I'm going to see that new girl in the cute blue coat with fur around the middle. Well-now-Harry-it's-all-right-if-you-don't-get-tight." He was laughing and he talked to her over Lily's head. Who was Isabel?

"Hello Harry," Sally and Winnie said when he came into the room, Sally's face more malicious than ever. But he came right to the sofa where she and Arthur were sitting.

"Of course this is just where that man Luce would be," he complained. "I might have known that."

"Well, anyhow, I was asked to the party," Arthur said softly. Her eyes upturned met Harry Royce's. Gray eyes his were full of fun and sad, too, she thought. Attractive eyes. He looked at her a moment and she didn't hear what he said.

Lily's chatter streamed after her into the kitchen. Somebody had brought applejack and Thatch was in a hurry to fix drinks to welcome Harry.

Harry and Arthur began talking about something she didn't understand. "That sap said he'd see—no use speaking to Swanson—specifications—a damn Swede . . ." Suddenly he turned to her: "This man Arthur is dangerous. He's the dreamer type, a man of vision, a regular railroad president. Does he talk to you about Nietzsche?"

"Yes." She laughed.

"That's his worst weapon. He . . ."

Winnie and Sally were simpering. They pretended to talk to each other and to Tate who was standing by them with his hands in his pockets, but they wanted to attract Harry's attention. Harry and Arthur kept talking to each other.

"—no, I don't. I believe in the sanctity of the home, the resurrection of the brothel, gin everlasting——"

"Why, Harry, how can you be so sacrilegious!" Winnie fairly squealed to attract his attention. "You're awful."

Lily: "Come on now, we'll all have a little drink."

If only Lily wouldn't say little drink.

"—besides you're rude. You haven't spoken to me to-night." Harry got up and went to Winnie. She pulled him down between herself and Sally and Sally's smile hung on a point of acidity eager to turn to coyness. They both became vivacious and while they talked he kept looking at her.

Thatch had a pitcher and poured the applejack with ice and lemon into the glasses. Everybody talked a lot. Tate sat on the piano bench next to Lily, holding his glass and singing out of tune. It hurt her ear which was sensitive though not so perfect as Lily's. But she was so happy she no longer hated Tate, only felt sorry for him. Thatch had begun to dance with Winnie, and Sally, after waiting for Harry to ask her, came over to Arthur. She took him by the hand: "Come on, you old piker."

There were only Harry and herself now. That was what had been coming. His crossing the room, his standing beside her, they two alone in the little crowd, all seemed preconcerted like an act in a play. It would be absurd for her and him to dance here with these others, who now seemed like strangers, pathetic too, failing in some effort that was awkward and inelegant.

"I came to get you to go for a ride," he said.

"Now?"

"Sure, it's only forty below outside." He laughed, looking down at her.

Her heart did a kind of somersault against her breast. But perhaps she ought not to go. She didn't want to seem too eager. And what would Lily think and the others? She was glad for Arthur to see what an impression she'd made on Harry but she didn't know about the others. That Sally Tate. Maybe she'd better not go.

"I'll hop out and get the car started and you hurry."

"All right," she said. And when she went out she saw only Lily's face, white like a flower and expressionless, turned toward her.

VIII

When Lily talked, Amy thought, it was hard to tell which side she was on. Perhaps she wasn't on anybody's, ever. All the women, she said, were crazy about Harry. Of course they talked about him dreadfully, but they were crazy about him just the same. He had that way of looking at you as if he adored you and of kissing people's hands. Hand-kissing was one of his best poses. And he had a new girl every three weeks. But just the same he was clever and successful and he made more money than any illustrator they knew. Of course his wives must have had an awful time, he was so wild. He was the kind that had to get drunk every so often in restaurants and smash things. Thank God Thatch didn't do that. She'd never seen Thatch really drunk. It was funny too, the men would all drink a lot and everybody would show it and Thatch not at all. Almost not at all, anyhow. But Harry! And his wives never knew where he was but maybe both of them had been dumb and not clever like Amy. He liked brains. He could see right away she was clever. Nobody knew whether he was really divorced from his last wife

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or not. She had lots of money. He wouldn't care about that because he made more money than any illustrator they knew, but Isabel would. She was his sister and she was an awful boss cat. Catholic too, though you could bet it was more the money. Of course if he didn't get a divorce he could have a good time with lots of girls and not have to worry about getting married. But then that just applied to stupid girls and not clever ones like Amy.

And so on and so on. Lily's cigarette was in one corner of her mouth and her eyebrows lifted away from the rising smoke, sleeves rolled up out of the dishwater.

Harry. He wouldn't be around till after the light got too bad to work. What dress to wear? Maybe the green, he liked that one. He was interested in clothes. But he never paid her compliments. In fact what he said was more likely not to be flattering. He told her she had no balance, was sentimental, self-deceived, had an inner insufficiency. All kinds of things like that. It made her laugh. Once she wrote down a list of all the things he told her were wrong with her and he said it wasn't complete. Harry—that something that was Harry, so incalculable, so quick and gay, and his lips so quick and gay on hers. Jim Harvey had been slow and romantic, wanted to talk about their souls. Maybe that was why she was always letting him go for some one else. Harry was just the opposite. Oh, sometimes she wished he was different, wished she could tell him about her life and how she couldn't understand this and that and what did he think of it all. But she couldn't talk that way to Harry, he'd be bored. Well, she had been able to talk that way to Jim Harvey and *she'd* been bored. So that was that.

Besides she was so happy she didn't really think about anything. It was funny when a man was crazy about you, a man you liked, how you forgot everything. And she felt so safe again. Lily and Thatch and her mother in Brooklyn were like figures she saw moving a long way off but heard no sound, felt no contact. Good night sweetheart, da da, dee, da da—saxophones, shuffling feet, that everlasting tune. Harry said it was an aphrodisiac. Harry never listened when she talked. He didn't talk either in any consecutive way she could remember, only kidded a lot and when he kissed her she forgot him and everything. Drowned. Time didn't go, didn't stand still, passed like a flashing eternity. Not a dream because it was deeper than sleep.

Did he love her? Did she love him? What did the word mean? He used it: Amy, I love you.

How? Why? For how long, Harry?

What do you mean by long, Amy darling? Do you mean ten years, for instance? Do you want me to say, Amy, I'll love you just the same for ten years? Do you want an exact date? Till fifth of Jan., ten years from now at fifteen minutes past ten?

Oh, I wouldn't expect ten years. I don't know what I expect or what I want. Or what I think.

That's good. Stop thinking. Up here in this head, under nice brown Amy-hair no more thoughts, please. It really has red in it, your hair. All women think they have red in their hair but you really have, only not enough. No more thoughts under it. They haven't got anything to do with what concerns us.

Was what concerned them only one thing then? The same thing that concerned everybody? Nothing special for her? If so, how could it last? Dates again—ten years, ten months, even ten days—at six sharp the performance is over. Yes, it was silly to bring in the calendar, the clock—tick tock, ready, go. Tick tock, all out now, exits on the left. Good night sweetheart, his hand on her back, bending forward over her—nobody ever danced so well—the moist warm smell of his cheek, of liquor, the saxophones, couples enlaced as they were, all turning, slow, like blind somethings, insects. Turning slowly and as if they didn't see.

If they went to that speakeasy in Bridgeport where they went the other day, she'd wear her green. If they went to dance, the one with red cuffs. Still, she wouldn't know till he decided. He was always the one who said what they'd do. She liked that. Jim Harvey never did. Just want to be with you, Girl, Jim said. Calling her Girl, that always made her tired, like something out of a book. To-day she herself would have liked to take a walk and come back when the windows were beginning to shine like little candles in the dark. But Harry didn't like to walk. He hated nature, he said, especially landscapes. What did he like? She hardly knew anything about him, what he liked or didn't. He didn't talk that way. He didn't say what he thought about art or books and yet she was aware he knew a lot about them.

Sometimes he burst into a long parody of some story he was illustrating. He only worked for the most popular magazines because they were the only ones that could afford him. When he imitated the styles of the various writers he was amusing for a while, but sometimes he got tiresome. Like lots of people with vitality, when he got started on something that interested him he didn't think if the other person felt the same way or not.

Usually they didn't know when they went out, where they'd go. Then all at once he would say, it'll be such and such a place.

Why do you know now and not before?

You have to wait. The only way you can know what you really want is not to think about it. Then suddenly something says New Canaan or stop at the Jack Tylers' or what not. Same way with girls and loving and eating and everything.

Sitting in the car his overcoat bulged, his big fur sleeves bulged out in front of her. He took up lots of room but that was his big coat, he himself so nicely thin. The lights in the instrument board made deep lines in his face. Lean face, nice face, furrowed. Harry, who are you? In all this dark night, so cold, New England snow pure and hard like a sleep without dream, and up above the stars. Are we together or am I alone? Alone unless you kiss me. Then I'm not alone but I'm not any more at all. I cease. I die into life, not mine, everything's. Everything's life. Good night sweetheart, da da dee—That woman dancing with her mouth open and the watery, dissolved, moron look of a woman who's drunk. Their hair always blowsy in a certain way, moron eyes, tired, animal look, something satanic too. Looks revolting, yes, but maybe inside, feels truer, gooder, closer to—to something. Everything's life? But what am I saying, the

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same thing for that—the ugly act of drunkenness (alas, I know too and am ashamed)—as for love? No, no, it's not right at all, that connection. I will not have it right. Love—it must be beauty, purity. The fugitive nobilities of love, where did I read that? Nobilities——

You have too many illusions about sex, he said.

Sometimes they took back roads, with steep fields and fence posts like little drunkards staggering in the deep snow and a red farmhouse at the crossroads with closed thin lips and lowered eyes saying nothing, old New England farmhouse under a big tree. He knew the red paint had been mixed with buttermilk, and how the roof was put on and how the fireplaces were built. They talked about the lives lived behind the close lips of the old house with the date 16-something over the fanlight. Then she knew him best and then too he seemed farthest away.

Or they drove through the black bitter streets of a factory town and because she was with him she had the mystic's feeling that everything in the world—even these streets—was all right. And they danced. Mostly they danced. Not to look forward and not to look back. To do either, you knew when you were happy, was the sin against the Holy Ghost.

And in and out of her thoughts Lily's chatter. Amy, hand me the kettle . . . gosh how I hate scouring pans . . . more money than any illustrator we know . . . lima beans for supper, little ones . . . new girl every three weeks . . . for Heaven's sake, Amy, stop humming that everlasting tune. . . .

IX

Lily was nearly dead. She hadn't had any sleep and she was nearly dead. Why on earth did Thatch have to insist on scrambled eggs at two in the morning just when those people were ready to go! And the kitchen full of dirty dishes and she hadn't had any sleep at all and was nearly dead. (Does Lily always have to say the same thing a dozen times?) Now she was going back to bed and didn't want anybody to speak to her till evening.

Well, Amy was tired too, she'd try to take a nap before Harry came. He wouldn't come till late. He'd been drinking a lot the night before but he didn't smash anything. Maybe he only smashed things in restaurants or did Lily make that up? Probably she made it up.

"Oh, honey, here's your mother coming home. And she's got all the family with her."

Too much sunlight flashing on the snow, it made spots before Amy's eyes. And beyond the flashing space was her mother coming out of the oak grove at the head of the little procession. Lily's breast was thrust between her and Thatch at the window and Lily was suddenly flashing too, indignation or whatever emotion it was she didn't seem quite to feel herself but blew into life in Amy like a burning coal. That crowd to-day of all days when she, Lily, was nearly dead and not even letting them know. Now she'd have to cook a big Sunday dinner and that awful Walter and his awful wife and Aunt Rose and Uncle Earle and my God who was that with the beard! *Honestly*. And the kitchen full of dirty dishes. Then Lily, half way upstairs, beginning to sing.

Scintillant aura of snow, gold, diamonds, rubies, flashing from couch as blue as death. Mother, hat on a little crooked, cheeks girlishly red, fumbling along the path between the snow banks, holding up her skirt in front. Her face was raised to the windows, eager, smiling, looking for the girls. Happy Amy knew to be getting back to them and also to have her other loved ones with her. Happy and not happy, timid, a little afraid. Busy making it all right inside herself, forcing herself to think the girls would be glad to see them all. Uniting Lily, Amy, Aunt Rose's family, herself, all in that warm love-state. Ugh. (Put on my black, no, I look too tired for black.) Love-state but only for those of her own blood, blood rhythm drowning all other sounds, caring for no one outside. Then what about their father? Marriage too, maybe, was a blood bond. Ah, don't think of them that way, mother and father. To what kind of woman had he turned from her? No, no, drop all that.

"That Walter," Lily kept coming in and out of Amy's room, rubbing cold cream in her face, "he just puts it all over Aunt Rose. I'd like to know where he was all that time they never heard from him! In jail, I bet." Lily laughed out loud at her own extravagance. Amy never knew whether there was any foundation for all the things Lily said about Walter but they made her angry and unhappy just the same.

"And you can't tell me he married that fright unless somebody made him. She looks like somebody's cook."

Jail, somebody's cook! What people! No, she wouldn't have it. Nothing of all this belonged to her. Her little hands and feet, so slender, her fine senses, perfect delicacy of ear, taste, smell, touch, all at once she felt them, she *knew* them. Open flew a little door and she saw a picture. Amy, beautiful, heavy with jewels, reclining among dark furs, above her the painted ceiling of a palace, long windows open on a terraced garden. Then, gone, the little door snapped shut. She in her cluttered room at Lily's, face tired in the mirror, and Uncle Earle's voice dribbling up from below. That Uncle Earle. Well, her father couldn't bear them either. Father! Yes, but how dared he have that look, saint-like, poet-like? Deceiving her, deceiving her, when all the time . . . Pah, life was nothing, people were bad, nothing mattered.

"Well, girlie, all alone upstairs? I was wondering where she was."

Mother—strike out, blindly. "It might have dawned on you to telephone, with all that crowd." Her words stabbing her own heart. But at any rate her mother wouldn't come and kiss her. Instead she stopped half way, picked up a nightgown and looked attentively at the embroidery. The very air stiffened around Amy. She, usually so light and graceful, was stiff, too. Awkward she got out her dress, brushed her hair. Began to talk too, in a stiff way, polite. By and by her mother said:

"There's a man downstairs I wanted you to meet, Amy. He's got big properties in Canada. Looks like he might make our fortune."

Amy did not reply.

Uncle Earle was too tall, his face too long, and his nose too. His little brown eyes twinkled and his voice was inappropriately high and soft, with a babyish pronunciation. Aunt Rose had babied him always.

"Howdy do, Amy?" he said in that soft way. "You pretty well, Amy?" Then he remembered there was a stranger to introduce and looked around

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for help. Aunt Rose as always came to his aid.

"Meet Mr. Miller, Amy."

The little man with the beard got up with that alertness that in old people is called spry and shook her hand, peering into her eyes with an innocent look.

"Now just because his name's Miller he ain't any relation of yours, Amy," twinkled Uncle Earle.

That at any rate was something to be thankful for. She felt her eyes cold on this man, saw his two lips pink and soft and naked-looking folded inside his beard. He was nearly bald.

"He's are pastor's cousin," Aunt Rose said in the respectful tone she used for the clergy. "I don't know what Reverend Byng'll think of are playing truant from church. But your mama would have it we'd got to come over for dinner. So we just come."

Come, ain't, *are* pastor and through her exasperation pleasure too in Aunt Rose's pretty face. It was the face of a young girl, dainty-featured, rose-leaf skin, brown eyes sweet as a puppy's. There was no excuse for their talking like that. What if Harry were to come and hear them?

And how could Lily seem to be enjoying herself? She was positively gay, sticking forks in steaming kettles, opening and slamming shut the oven door. Tall gangly Walter with sly green eyes lounged and joked with her, and his homely wife washed the dishes left from last night. It made Amy uncomfortable to feel her so humble, so hostile. Walter's wife: You think I'd like you all if you'd let me but I wouldn't.

"Brother Miller, will you—" Uncle Earle's voice took on the tone that belonged with prayer—a groaning murmur. Mr. Miller waved the honor away with a pudgy hand covered with black fur. Uncle Earle closed his eyes, his groan became unctuous, disturbing. "Oh, Lord." Silence. "Oh, Lord, we wish to thank Thee once more to-day for these and all Thy manifold mercies and blessings to us Thy children. We thank Thee for Thy heavenly bounty and mercy shown us by day and—er—by night. We pray Thee, our heavenly Father, to, in Thy divine mercy and goodness, make us worthy of these and all Thy blessings, to mercifully bless this food to our use and save us in Jesus Christ. Amen."

Aunt Rose remained for just the right moment with lowered head. Then, re-entering the lay world, became all at once quite sprightly, exuded her renewed consciousness that all was right with their lives and with them—her husband, herself, her sister, Walter, even with her nieces and Thatch and perhaps in time, with her daughter-in-law. She sat very straight, pretty head up, preening her little finger and said to Amy: "Now Amy, let's see you eat something, girl. Most of the time you just pick."

Amy saw their faces distant, like a row of portraits, unreal in the fading light of winter. Maybe Harry wouldn't come, she hoped he wouldn't. Harry—thrusting pleasures, gray eyes, swift gaiety, something that smouldered, male butterfly forever apart from her. Wild, Lily said. What if he arrived drunk? What about the Larkins and Mr. Miller? Smash furniture, Lily's five pieces of Colonial glass. In Thy divine goodness save us in Jesus Christ . . .

Beside her sat her mother. She sat with head lowered sideways like a nun, ate in silence, fist doubled against her back. She watched over Amy's plate, passed her everything first, tried to see that she had the nicest piece. She wanted the best of everything for Amy. Ah, life has its little tricks, stretching your nerves, prodding them with sharp points, little red-hot irons.

Take flight, take flight! Hopes too vague, too passionate. Something must happen soon to change it.

Well, this little man. Maybe this time her mother was right, born gamblers like her sometimes did strike it. Maybe they were going to be rich—not that she cared much about money. No, it was something else.

"—yes, ma'am, white pine, two-thirds of the area timbered as thick as the hair on your head—your head, not mine, ma'am. Ha, ha." And the timber, it seemed, was nothing compared to the rest. "It was never the timber what brought me down to these here states where there's those who've an eye for a bit of business and who've capital to put into a good thing." Not at all. It was something else. It was, in fact, iron. He brought out this word in a tone that had quite a dramatic effect. Iron. Only one little difficulty, transportation, but it would come. No need to worry. Figures, this divided by that, multiplied by something else. Figures, figures. The corner of the tablecloth was rolled back, Mr. Miller held a yellow pencil with the most beautifully sharpened point she had ever seen.

Her mother had lifted her head and her face was happier now than it was sad. It got happier and happier and when she spoke it was in a deprecatory tone, showing no exultation, so as to disarm the gods of chance. Very gentle. And yet she wanted nothing of this for herself. It was all for them, Amy knew, for her and Lily and all the others she so dearly loved.

"What do you think about it, brother Earle?"

"I guess you'll be riding in your own limousine yet, sister. I wish I had some capital to invest myself."

"Of course I'll have to sell out all I've got," she said complacently.

Queer Harry hadn't telephoned. Usually he telephoned before now. Heavily they moved into the sitting-room. Heavy Sunday hours, heavy Sunday air. Some kind of hopelessness held her there. She saw Uncle Earle's smile turn into something stupefied and absent when his jaw dropped and his head fell sideways in a doze. Saw her mother's face compose itself in wistful stubborn desire as Mr. Miller's rivers of riches flowed, saw Aunt Rose's plump hands empty because it was Sunday, of the eternal dainty needlework. Walter and his wife, objects to whom she hardly accorded human life. Lily upstairs asleep.

If Harry came she'd take him right away. She'd hear the car and go out to meet him and they'd go somewhere. But it didn't happen that way. There was no car. Suddenly the front door opened and it was Harry. He didn't come in and when she went into the hall she saw he wasn't alone. He was with a girl.

"Look what I brought you, Amy, isn't she a pet?"

He'd been drinking a lot and who was this girl?

"You two'll be crazy about each other." He put his hand on the girl's arm. "Come on in, Adele, it's all right. Amy's here."

She was like a big doll, this Adele,

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and she had an upright, opulent body and doll blue eyes that stared coolly. Her skin was dazzlingly red and white and a line of red-gold hair showed under her close-fitted hat.

New girl every three weeks—well, he was right on schedule. But no, why should she think that? This wasn't anything, his bringing a girl to see her. But she wished he were alone, that he had never seen this Adele.

"What the devil you got here, a wake?" He had on a loud tweed suit and a plaid muffler that he left hanging around his neck and he took cold air and a strong smell of liquor into the stuffy room. And there he was, kissing Aunt Rose's hand. (One of his poses.) She had risen and when Harry kissed her hand and gave her that famous melting look of his, Amy saw the blood rush into her still youthful cheeks.

Thatch was hospitably bent on making the rounds: "This is Mr. Miller, Miss Thurston. Harry, Mr. Miller."

"But not a relative of the folks here," cries Aunt Rose, stimulated to unwonted vivacity. "A cousin of are pastor, Reverend Byng."

"Doctor Byng, how do you do, sir!" Harry being idiotic, but then he was half drunk.

"No, no, this ain't the pastor, it's——"

That word, had Adele noticed? Oh, but what difference did it make? None, none, none, and yet somehow you couldn't help—and Adele so elegant with her broad eastern a's and soft r's. Adele had disengaged herself from Thatch, refusing further introductions. She stood aloof, disdainful doubtless, while Mrs. Miller begged her to take the chair from which she had risen. And Amy saw her mother look with gentle admiration at Adele's blond magnificence and heard her call her "dear."

"No, thanks, young man, I don't smoke. I'm no smoker." Uncle Earle's mild drawl seemed to invite them to believe he wasn't bragging but couldn't help being grateful he was not as other men in this respect. And look at Walter, unctuous, leaning forward toward Harry wearing his look of slimy mechanical good fellowship and sideways-intent too on the beauteous Adele.

"Four churches in every community of fifteen thousand, you say?" Harry's voice! "And what do we learn from that?"

"Why, that it's a fine thing," said Aunt Rose, clearly aware she had never been in better form socially.

Churches—was Harry making fun of them all? What right had he to come here half tight and make fun of anybody? And the smell of liquor that surrounded him like a fog. Of course Aunt Rose wouldn't acknowledge it existed. She would simply decline to believe that a young man who appreciated her as he did could smell of liquor—the base and root of all crime, madness and disease. Just as she would decline to believe it of Walter or of Uncle Earle.

Thatch talked interminably to Adele, using his thumb. Aunt Rose scolded Harry archly for not going to church. Ridiculous all of it. Well, she didn't care. It didn't make any difference what he thought. Besides *she* had him now—Adele. He didn't know it yet.

No, if he had he would not have brought her, he wasn't like that. But Amy knew, had had no doubt from the minute she saw her standing so brilliant in the winter twilight. But it didn't matter. Nothing mattered. When you were in pain you always knew there was something else, a fairer pain stretching away and away. That you could bear.

X

Lily's heels patterned the floor above with strips of sound—ribbons of dots like you see in moving pictures. Half the lamps in the house were in her room with the shades off so she could see to fix her eyelashes. They made the room hot and in the cold hall were floating strata of kerosene air and steamy air from her boiling hot bath. There was a smell of unguents and even a minute taint of brass from the curtain-rings she was going to hang over her ears and use for bracelets. She was of course going as a gypsy. She always did. Thatch had taken an everlasting time to dress, pottering and fussing and wishing to God he had a drink. Their ordinary coats looked funny over fancy costumes and then Arthur came to take them to his house for cocktails.

Amy didn't want to see Arthur. She went to her room and when he yelled up for her she called back that she'd gone to bed. She lay down under a comforter and kept looking at the page of a book: "Shatov was not perverse but acted on my note and called at midday on Lizaveta Nikolaevno." This she read several times but while she understood each word separately, together they made no sense at all. Then she heard the sound of voices downstairs change to the sound of voices outdoors, heard her mother call pleasantly from the doorway, heard the car door slam. It opened at once, somebody clattered into the house and out again. Once more the door slammed, the engine, which had not stopped running, began to snuffle and pound, a gear wrenched and Arthur's old car rattled off to the party.

Right away Amy got up. She blew out the lamp and started downstairs but stopped half way to be sure nobody had come back again. Her mother looked up at her, the smile with which she had seen the others off, still on her face.

"I expect they'll have a great time." She stopped abruptly. Mustn't talk about a party to which Amy wasn't going.

Well, they didn't have to be so careful, her mother and Lily and Thatch. She didn't care. Through the kitchen window a sickle of white moon showed in a cold deep blue sky. The cat was folded up on the window sill with closed eyes and a smile on his face—strange, he was, so silently dreaming. There were crimson lines around the stove lids and her mother's white apron looked lovely in the soft lamplight, the white full of unborn colors. Lily had left potatoes peeled and standing in cold water and in the icebox were two chops on a plate and crisp lettuce in a towel.

"Hasn't she got it all as neat as a pin for us! Just like Lily."

For us—words that brought them too close. Mustn't come too close. There was that thing that must be pushed off. She stiffened against it, self-conscious. Must try not to be self-conscious. "I'll make the salad dressing. I'll put in lots of onion."

"Mercy, girl, onion—I'm afraid it don't like me. What a colic I once had after——"

"Well, all right, then, I won't——"

"—after onion at sister Nellie's. They

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were fried, liver and bacon and fried onions. But I——"

"All right, mother. I won't put any onion."

Wistful: "Maybe just the juice wouldn't hurt. Onion juice is fine in dressing."

At Arthur's they'd be drinking those orange blossoms that tasted bad. But after you drank them everything was fine. Right now, if she could find something, a little drink, as Lily called it, but no use. Thatch had spent hours looking in cupboards and turning bottles upside down.

"Fix the potatoes that way you used to, mother," she burst out.

"What about potatoes, girlie?" Mrs. Miller was so pleased to have Amy ask for something she couldn't listen.

But already Amy didn't want them, didn't know why she had asked. "Oh, never mind, I just said potatoes like we used to have."

"I guess you mean German fried." Her mother beamed. "You cut them real thin and——"

Everything would be all right when she got away from here. It was only a little while now. She spread the clean cloth Lily had laid out on the kitchen table, clean napkins too. She had never taken the trouble not to show Sally Tate she didn't like her and now Sally had a chance to get even. Amy could see the justice of that. She didn't blame her. It was Lily and her mother who were indignant. Lily said they'd go straight to the dance and not go to her old dinner first. Don't be silly, Amy said, and finally Lily decided they'd go to the dinner in order to be very cool to the Tates. But her mother couldn't get over her indignation with that Sally Tate for leaving Amy out. That was a person, she said, her soft eyes almost malignant, she never wanted to see or speak to again.

Mother. She has put on her best dress for supper to-night. She is pretty, pretty like Aunt Rose and soft her breast if you could put your head there. If you could! And she would be grave and very high if she were asked for help. Die for you then. She would defend, she would be brave to the very end of bravery. Beauty and warmth and rest—ah, but not where you could reach them. A gulf between, something unthinkable, something profound.

For an instant Amy saw and then the quick dream left her.

What she could not help now was knowing just how it must be at Sally Tate's, all the little tables, air smelling sweet of ferns and roses, red-gold head shining—everybody said Sally Tate was making a big fuss over Adele—candlelight shining upward making shadowy stage light on her face, cascades of ribbons ending in little bells. Why did she see Adele in ribbons and little bells? Anyhow, he couldn't say she'd made it hard for him, that she'd been hard to get rid of. Right away, when he had begun to suggest having four instead of just themselves, she'd known, even if he hadn't. And she had given up. She couldn't have borne it otherwise. Her pride at any rate she'd saved.

And soon now she'd get away. Otherwise it—but never mind. All kinds of things might happen. This thing in Canada—and about that there was something else, something exciting. Her father. The Trust Company had written to her father. They said they didn't like to dispose of Mrs. Miller's securities without consulting her former husband. He had left, it seemed, some such instructions. Perhaps he'd write direct to them. When she thought of that she was unable to think any more. Her mind became blocked. She could only feel excited. She didn't think about him and yet he was always in her mind.

Just to talk about him a little. She couldn't with Lily, only her mother. But she dreaded this shift to intimacy. Well, she wouldn't let it be intimate. She'd speak of it as if it were a subject like any other, as if it had come up by accident. She kept preparing her voice, began talking about Mr. Miller. In a minute she would say it. She asked when Mr. Miller was going back to Canada.

"He's got to see a man first in Washington wants to put in money."

"And I suppose he wants to know about us, too?"

"I expect so."

"Do you—I don't suppose it will be long?"

"Well, I guess it oughtn't to be." Her mother's voice was eager, confidential. "Your father's sure to write right away."

"Do—do you know where he is?"

"Not exactly, but I think he—" she would not say they—"he lives in San Francisco."

"Did you ever see her, mother?" But it wasn't of her she wanted to speak, only of him, of him, of him. But of him she didn't know what to say.

"Only in a picture." Mrs. Miller took a handful of sliced potatoes and dropped them in the hot fat. There was a mad hissing and snapping. She dropped in another handful, put on the lid, and pushed the pan toward the back of the stove. Inside the pan the sputtering and cracking went on like firecrackers inside a can. Amy felt embarrassed by the interruption. It seemed indelicate to be frying potatoes when they were approaching a subject kept cotton-wrapped in silences, that stirred a hidden something—turbulent, precious and full of pain.

"Did you know," she kept her voice impersonal, detached, "did you know long before—about it?"

"I guess I knew it right from the beginning, more or less." A red spot burned in each of her mother's cheeks.

"How?"

"I don't know as I could say. I suppose maybe it was the way he acted—at home and all. And once—" her mother hesitated. "Well, it was you, really. I was mending a coat of his and you was playing round. You put your hand in the pocket and took out a picture, just like something in a movie."

"But you didn't know——"

"Yes. I knew what that picture was, I did, somehow."

"What did you say, mother?"

"Nothing."

"You mean to say you went on as if nothing—I mean I simply can't understand, imagine such a thing! Keeping still! How could you even if you wanted to? How could you resist raising hell? I would."

"Well, I guess maybe you would."

"But, mother, putting up with such a thing and not saying——"

"Maybe I was wrong."

Amy saw her mother's face do something. Something happened to it. It wasn't an expression that came to it, it was as if it ceased for an instant to be a face and became only sorrow itself. And for just that moment Amy's heart seemed to widen out to a sense of all the helplessness and defeat that can be.

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No mercy, no justice, no answer to anything on earth.

Her mother's voice went on and after a moment Amy noticed she was talking about her and Lily. "But of course you was—" she corrected herself, "you were the favorite. Your father's heart was just wrapped up in you."

Her father's heart. My father's heart. What if she were to write to him, tell him everything, ask him what to do? Or go to him? Just leave and go to live with him. Say now to her mother—I'm going to live with my father. The room dipped, made a great swoop like a bird, righted itself and stopped, immobile in its place. Her heart began beating again and she saw the stove, the lamp, her mother's white apron, all as before. No, if he had wanted me he would have taken me, he would not have left me behind. And that woman—never with her. Women—what menace, what strange fear . . .

In bed she couldn't sleep. Nothing clear. Showers of confetti in dusk of colored lights, blare of saxophones, good night sweetheart, candy-colored ribbons with little bells, potatoes, smell of potatoes frying, the letter. They would have a letter from him and it would sound a certain way, like he talked. It would be phrased severely, with a scrupulous choice of words, long words. Her father's long words but tender, always tender for her.

XI

"Well, why did you let her do it? Honestly, mother, I don't see why you allowed it."

Lily didn't know she'd come downstairs. Should she call out to them? So you're talking about me, are you? No, too much trouble. Let them talk.

"If she will, she will." Her mother's voice, resigned.

"But with that Lovet girl, of all people——"

"I know. I told her I'd take rooms there for us both——"

"—and as far as I can make out that Margy Lovet is really——"

"Yes, it was her got Amy into the cocktails and cigarettes so strong."

"Well, you should have put your foot down. Those two in New York!"

"And you wouldn't think now," her mother's voice changed, "just after what's happened to us——"

Amy tiptoed to the stairs.

"—she'd have felt she could leave me."

She went up quietly, and sat down in the window seat in her room. Outside the sun shone brightly and the snow had melted on the steps. The first thaw. Soon there'd be lakes of water everywhere and big winds.

Honolulu—strange she had no picture. She knew what Honolulu was like but no picture came, only a blank, and silence. She got up and crossed to her emptied bureau, stood there looking at nothing. The worst of it was that letter she'd imagined beforehand. If only she hadn't seen the handwriting and the long words so plain—elegant and severe, but not really severe. The way he talked. He had always looked at her so straight, so serious, with such deep eyes, sunk and illuminated. And he had talked to her as if she could understand and quoted verses that had a high and lovely sound.

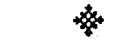
"Good night, sweet prince, may flights of angels—" Tears burned in her eyes. He quoted that too, she didn't know what from.

The letter was what she couldn't give up, couldn't yet believe it had never been written and never would be. Couldn't believe it any more now than when her mother first handed her the typewritten sheet from the Trust Company. She tried to remember what she had felt that first moment and couldn't. Indeed it had been hard at first to make any exact meaning out of those short, black-printed little words, so neat—perhaps because she had grasped their general sense all too quickly. San Francisco, difficulty obtaining information, changes of address, regretted delay, regretted to inform Mrs. Miller her late husband had died in Honolulu in October. What she remembered was seeing with a kind of anger her mother's nose, suddenly red and swollen with tears, looking so ugly.

And: "I guess we'll have to stick together now, girlie" was what her mother had said.

Bureau looked strange and untidy, empty like this, a little powder spilled on the mahogany, drawers open to show she hadn't left anything. She began shutting all the drawers. She was ready to go. Bags closed and waiting, she in her little blue suit with fur around the middle. She felt strange. Leaving was like that. You didn't know what was ahead, everything was a little queer. Her mother fussing, Lily fussing, why this, why that. She paid no attention. And there had been her mother's letter to the Trust Company saying maybe Providence had sent them the gentleman from Canada just at this time because they no longer had anybody to look after them.

Providence.



The taxi came with Thatch standing on the running board. He had got on as it passed the studio to come and say good-by.

"Come out to see us, little sister. Bring Margy out to spend Sundays, and all those boy friends." Kind he was, Thatch, kind, kind! She was very glad she was going away.

She kissed him good-by and Lily. Lily raised her face and pressed her full lips smooth and hard on hers. Then Amy laid her hand spread out, on Lily's face as she liked to do, to feel how flat it was and the little nose in the middle. Moonface, she said to Lily, and looked a moment into Lily's dark blue eyes so warm under their bold enigmatic surface. Her mother insisted on riding to the station with her.

"Oh, mother, what's the use, he'll only have to bring you back." But she would go.

On the platform her mother kissed her cheek and fumbled for her lips. Amy went quickly into the train and took a seat by the window. Her mother looked small and funny-shaped standing on the platform. Her hat was a little crooked and her coat too long. She kept smiling sweetly at Amy and all at once her smile was flooded over with tears.

Mother. *Mother*—a bright pain cut across her throat.

The platform moved slowly back, her mother waved her hand in its black silk glove. The train glided without sound or jar from under the black shed into the open, into gray-white fields where stretches of frozen black showed and yellow grasses stuck up through the snow.

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